

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT,

THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA AND HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

SOME few weeks ago we published an article from Mr. William Robinson in which he sang the praises of the wood fire. Experience in town and country has shown that in times of great distress the rural labourer is much better off than the urban labourer. In the matter of fuel it is open to him to burn wood. He may not be able to buy it; but in the neighbourhood of most villages there is generally a certain amount of blown wood, hedge strippings and other fuel to be obtained, practically speaking, for the asking. Agriculture, again, is an industry which is less dependent on coal than any other, particularly at this time of the year, when the farmer is busily engaged getting his seeds into the ground. He has not yet to any large extent adopted mechanical power in place of the horse, although the many interesting experiments that have been tried go to show that he may do this within a measurable space of time. But clearly the scarcity of fuel would not encourage progress along these lines. Horses, at all events, have the advantage over steam ploughs and motor machinery that they do not require to be stoked with an expensive mineral. Their force is generated by oats, grass and other articles of diet.

Thus there has been no interruption to speak of in the business of agriculture.

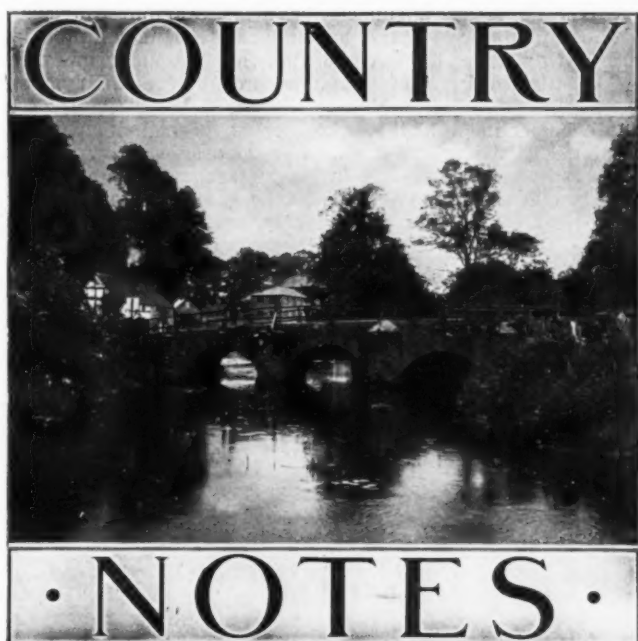
The rural labourer himself has not suffered to anything like the same extent as his contemporary in town. His fate has been in very marked contrast to that of Midland workers, whose distress for weeks past has been appalling. The town labourer must either have money in his pockets or starve. The country labourer often has no money in his pocket and yet does not know what it is to be hungry. In fact, it is by no means unusual, as investigations connected with the Small Holdings Bill have shown, for men who earn what appears to us only a pittance to have two or three hundred pounds in the Savings Bank. The most economical of them are able to do this, because they know the secret of how to obtain the necessities of life without spending money. Much can be said against small holdings as a means of earning a livelihood; but the small holder can sleep in peace during the most menacing industrial revolt, because at the worst he has the means of maintenance within himself. All this goes to enforce the truth of the doctrine on which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and his fellow-workers have founded their propaganda of conserving productivity. It brings home to the mind that the one great and important industry of the world is agriculture. The people in the towns depend upon it for their food as much as the feudal lord depended on the retainers who cultivated the ground outside the gate of his castle and brought him in provisions. Such lessons as we have been receiving must bring this more and more home to the mind of the public. It helps to show that the luxuries and accessories of life can at a pinch be dispensed with. We have no great sympathy with those who try to get up class prejudice by denouncing the consumption of luxuries. It is an element in freedom that a man be allowed to do what he likes with his own. If he has honestly come by the money in his possession, he is entitled to buy what he likes with it. At the same time, it is useless to deny that the labour unrest at the present moment is caused to some extent by the fact that those who have little are in a position to see what enjoyments money can at this time of day purchase. A very simple illustration of this may be given. Through one of the most picturesque but poverty-stricken regions in Ireland, where the labourers for several generations have just managed to keep the lamp of life alight without having the power to buy what many of us consider necessities, a public motor has been started for the purpose of giving summer visitors an opportunity of seeing and admiring the scenery. Those who have talked with the peasant are aware of the light in which he views this proceeding. He is interested and amused by the novelty for a considerable time; then he begins to consider what obstacles are in the way of his own enjoyment of this new method of going about. Here at once we get the germ of unrest. It may, and often does, create an ambition that leads to renewed and praiseworthy activity. Already some of the men who, as humble and penniless cottars, witnessed the coming of the motor, are in a position, if not to keep one of their own, at least to pay for the hire of the public convenience. They are, no doubt, of the salt of the earth; but their success adds still more to the unrest of the others, and to a feeling which cannot be accurately described by so innocent a term.

To bring these reflections to a focus, it must be evident to the least thoughtful that, during the last twenty years, social conditions have changed in England with a rapidity unexampled in our previous annals. Invention has followed upon invention, and the tide of prosperity has continued to flow, eddying into many a corner where it was completely unexpected a quarter of a century ago. Agriculture remains less affected than any other industry. The corn must be sown and the harvest reaped to-day, just as it was in primitive time, and it is difficult to see how any large change can come about in the future. The institutions affecting other callings must be modified to fit the altered circumstances. This is what England has been doing slowly since the Battle of Hastings. Changes have been made as they were needed. To-day the changes are multiplied and they come quickly, so that more promptitude is required in adapting ourselves to them.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Drogheda and her son, Viscount Moore. Lady Drogheda is the daughter of Mr. Charles M. Pelham-Burn; her marriage to the Earl of Drogheda took place in 1909.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



ON Saturday the University Boat Race ended, for the first time in its history, in a grim failure. The day will probably go down to history linked with the famous Derby that was run in a snowstorm. In the morning the water was so rough that it is safe to say neither crew would have ventured out for practice on it; but, according to the established and good tradition of the Universities, weather of any and every kind must be faced, so the crews boldly launched out to the conflict. As was inevitable under the circumstances, the race was not concluded. At least, that is how we must interpret Mr. Pitman's decision that it should be rowed over again. Cambridge was first to come to grief, and though a similar disaster overtook Oxford, the latter righted their boat and rowed the course. They showed themselves the better crew on Saturday and, indeed, there was a conflict of opinion about the umpire's decision. On Monday, when the contest took place under more favourable conditions, Oxford easily beat their opponents. It thus can be said without fear of contradiction that the crew won which deserved to do so.

In a great institution like the Army, there is need of two things which many people regard as being in opposition. One is that all the officers and, as far as possible, all the men, should be permeated by the same spirit. If possible they should believe in one method and agree in their belief; but, at the same time, as Sir John French points out in the admirable memorandum printed in the *Army Review*, in these days of extraordinary scientific progress it is of the utmost importance that Army officers should be constantly on the look-out for new ideas. There are discoveries made and experiences gained almost daily, which may at any time undermine older theories. A too conservative spirit might have the effect of shutting all this out. The result would inevitably follow that the Army would deteriorate until it ceased to be an efficient instrument for national defence. Therefore, Sir John French extends a hearty welcome to every new idea, provided that it is not put forth impulsively and without proper consideration.

Sir John, in the course of his memorandum, gives the essence of an essay on the demerits of silence. Many people who are prejudiced for or against a particular line of action hold their tongue, or, as Sir John French says, "they shun the fierce light of publicity from quite worthy motives." Now, beliefs which do not find expression are of no use to anybody. It is by publicity and the free play of argument and rejoinder that the one good idea is winnowed from the one thousand unsound ideas which are brought forward. This separation of wheat from chaff is in reality the process of advancement and civilisation. Undoubtedly, many opinions only continue to be held because those who hold them are reluctant from one cause or another to submit them to the light of argument. Probably, in many cases, this is a matter of temperament. Some men of very fine judgment are really inarticulate and, although they may see that one course is better than another, are not always possessed of that gift of tongues which would enable them to persuade their neighbours. However, this exhortation on the part of Sir John French is all on the side of scientific progress in military matters.

It has been objected to various Government Departments that, although they spend a great deal of time and energy in collecting statistics, they very seldom can be relied upon to furnish the facts needed at a moment of crisis. For example, the Board of Trade, from which so many formidable Blue Books emanate, although the officials must have been aware at least six weeks before the strike occurred that controversy would gather round the minimum wage, have not obtained any exact information in regard to it. There has been a great deal of loose correspondence in the papers and loose talk on the platforms; but nobody so far has taken the trouble to obtain data for a clear statement of the case. We want to know, first, the number of mines in which less than the minimum wage is paid at the present moment, and how many workers are employed in them. We also want to know what profits, if any, are obtained and what capital is employed. Until these things are made clear, it is not possible to form a judgment on the effect which the Government measure is likely to produce. If there is no margin of profit to meet the new cost, it is quite certain that capital will seek some other outlet and that pits will be closed, with the result that others will be crowded with workers or applicants for work.

In the course of a very interesting article which he contributes to this month's number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. F. E. Smith describes his ideal of a village inn. Needless to say, he is of opinion that the institution as it exists could be greatly improved. He would have it as far as possible fitted with a miniature rifle-gallery, a dancing lawn, an *al fresco* concert place and a bowling green. If these aids to amusement are beyond the reach of the owner, at least he would have comfortable chairs and settees and small tables placed outside for the accommodation of the public in fine weather. Inside, he would have the place brightened up, as the fault that he finds most common is that the rooms are cramped and the drinking bar occupies space that might be far better employed. He is very emphatically in favour of making the village inn a thoroughly respectable place which both men and women could visit for purposes of refreshment and innocent amusement without incurring the stigma which now attaches to callers at a public-house.

#### THE ADVENTURE IN APRIL.

Molly's been out for a walk with Nurse,  
Molly's a big girl now,  
Dick ran away and went to fight,  
The gardens were filled with teacups white,  
Yellow and white, and big cups too,  
All in a row, with cracks of blue,  
Nurse said I wasn't to shout.  
Michael and George, they waved their hands,  
Barbara's nurse wears two white bands;  
I fell on the grass, and the grass was wet,  
But Butcher said Nurse was not to fret,  
That was the way to sprout.  
The wind went slapping across the sky,  
Slapping the clouds to make them cry;  
A boy flew a kite that hit the sun,  
I pulled the Lady to watch the fun,  
Nurse said I mustn't be rough;  
But the Lady she only laughed at me,  
The beautiful Lady laughed at me,  
With eyes like Mummy's she laughed at me,  
And blue-bells in her muff.

H. H. BASHFORD.

Practically speaking, his aims are those of the Public House Trust, which holds that the sale of drink should be made subsidiary and the main purpose of the inn should be the provision of food and recreation. Mr. Smith holds that the path to real moderation lies this way and not by repressive legislation. We are very much inclined to agree with him, and yet there can be no getting over the fact that during the years in which the duty on spirits has been extremely heavy, and the cost therefore greater, the quantity consumed has steadily and very greatly diminished. It would certainly appear that, while education is producing a reform in the drinking habits of the people, there are also many who grudge paying anything additional for their liquor. Nor can we wonder much at this, because, after all, as Mr. Smith reminds us, "it is a fair estimate to say that a quarter of the price of beer is tax in one form or another, while in the case of spirits the price is almost all tax."

Mr. Rowland E. Prothero is a man of many activities. The latest direction in which his energy has found scope has been in starting a movement in North Bedfordshire in order to



federate village friendly societies and slate clubs. His idea is that they should confine their membership as far as possible to themselves, on the ground that rural lives are better-class lives than town lives from the point of view of the friendly society; that is, they have a lower sickness rate. Mr. Prothero's idea is that the village clubs and friendly societies should become approved societies under the Act. Any village club may become an approved society, and Mr. Prothero hopes to get a membership of five thousand rural lives to form a federation. This may be described as an insurance within an insurance; as bringing in a wider area lowers the chance of any small society having to suffer a run of bad luck. An average taken from five thousand members will be the real risk; whereas, if each society were standing by itself, it is certain that where one village would be free from the need to find sickness pay, another would be scourged by disease and have to pay very much more than its average share. Mr. Prothero has gone about the different villages teaching all this in his own way, and his example is to be commended.

The new discoveries made at Pompeii carry us back in a very realistic manner to the first century of our era. One of the chief features unearthed is a wine-shop, and, by all accounts, it is very modern in character. Outside the shop are pictures of the bottles and jugs used within, so that the tavern-keeper of those days knew something about advertisement. A row of cups was found on a bench just as it was arranged for the casual customer. There was a machine for making mulled wine, which seems to have been a favourite refreshment after the theatre. Also there was an apparatus for pouring out some more precious kind of drink—a liqueur of that day—in small drops. Coins of the period were found scattered about the counter. On the walls were electioneering addresses, and one of these was signed by two ladies, Smyrina and Aegle, who asked for the votes of the citizens for the municipal council.

Very seldom has it been the lot of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to have a surplus of six and a-half millions. That this should come in the present year is the best illustration that we can possibly have of the very prosperous state which business was in before the strike interfered with it. It is to be feared that next year there will neither be the vast amount of business done nor any surplus to dispose of. The question now is, what the Chancellor of the Exchequer should do with his surplus. Its proper destination is the redemption of debt, and, at a time when Consols are very low, no wiser course could possibly be recommended. To buy them would be an economic way of reducing the debt and, at the same time, would probably have the wholesome effect of stiffening the market.

Thames trout-fishing opened on April 1st. The Thames trout is a creature regarded by the great number of anglers as something rather apart. They have not fished for him and they consider those who do strive to tempt him as quite a different race, from the angling point of view, from those who endeavour to attract and deceive the trout of any other streams, whether they be the dashing torrents from the mountains in which the fly is overthrown and sunken and taken under water by the fish darting at it, or those placid and crystal clear rivers from the chalk, where the trout suck in the fly that comes down floating on the surface with scarcely more muscular effort than is needed for the opening of its wide jaws. The monstrous Thames trout has to be taken with other lures than the fly, fished in a very different manner. He has to be angled for rather as if he were a pike or a ferret, with the live-bait as spinner. It is quite a different art. But there is no doubt of there being much art about it. Were it not so we should not see, as we do, the same master artists of this fishery successful year after year in catching the best fish.

Further evidence has been discovered, by the great storm which raged in the Bristol and Irish Channels on March 4th, of the extensive forest which must have flourished all along the English and Welsh shores of those channels in prehistoric times. We used to hear of traces of it on the North Devon Coast, in shape of fragments of tree stems and branches and occasional antlers and flint weapons embedded in a bluish clay. The violence of the currents has largely destroyed, or again buried, those traces; but in the recent gale a new portion, so to speak of it, of what was no doubt part of the same forest has been revealed on the Pembrokeshire Coast, showing trunks of large trees in a good state of preservation and a bone of some big mammalian animal, not identified. On the joint estuary of the Taw and Torridge the current occasioned by the storm brought ashore large quantities of coal, which is supposed to be part of the cargo of the wrecked Thistle-moor, recently lost in Bideford Bay.

The news that an undergraduate at Stanford University, California, Horine by name, has jumped 6ft. 6½in. will probably appeal to a rather larger circle than that habitually interested in athletic records, for whereas all records are presumably about equally wonderful, no other strikes awe upon the gaze of the beholder in quite the same way as the high jump. It is a wonder that explains itself. Everyone knows how gigantic appears a man of 6ft. 6in. in height, and can appreciate the feat of one who could jump over the giant's head. When in 1876 M. J. Brooks jumped 6ft. 2½in. at Lillie Bridge, Donald Dinnie, the famous old Scottish hammer-thrower, wrote to the newspapers proving that on *à priori* grounds such a feat was totally impossible. What he would have said to the jump of this young American it is hard to imagine. Brooks' jump has, of course, been beaten long ago, and that by 3in.; yet whatever may be done in the future, he will probably remain to the world at large the greatest of all jumpers, because he was the first man to show that it was possible to clear 6ft. That is to say, the first white man—black athletes have jumped much higher (see COUNTRY LIFE of January 14th. 1911).

#### RESURRECTION.

If I must suffer pain, as needs I must,  
Since death and dole so dog the things of dust,  
Let me upgather all my strength and brace  
My soul to meet it with a smiling face.

And let no other creature's life be made  
The darker for my passage through the shade,  
But rather let the temper of my mind  
Glow but the brighter for the gloom behind.

Let me, with Sorrow for a wholesome friend  
By bitter means achieve the sweeter end,  
As one who passing through the grave may rise  
To prove his own and others' Paradise.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

It was an often-quoted remark of the late Sir Andrew Clark, the great doctor, that what saved and prolonged the life of sedentary people in London were the stairs. At that time lifts to the different floors were already common in hotels and buildings let out in flats, but they were very seldom seen in private houses in this country. The luxuries of one age, however, become the necessities of the next, and we find an increasing number of large private houses, both in London and in the country, being fitted with lifts, for luggage and for passengers. What Sir Andrew, were he alive, would say to the innovation, we may guess from the above remark. But if we have more and more refinements of luxurious idleness, it cannot be charged to the modern Anglo-Saxon that he is forsaking the traditions of active life which have come down to him from his forefathers. Life is strenuous and hurried, even to a fault, and if we carry the luxury of leisure to an extreme on the one hand, on the other we are extreme in the pursuit of games and athletic pastime, so that the average day of the leisured class is certainly not less energetic than it used to be.

Lord Brassey is once more putting into commission that wonderful world-navigating little boat, the Sunbeam. Of no more than five hundred and fifty tons, she has been seen in all the principal parts of the globe, and her sailings have been celebrated like those of the Argonauts. Her latest venture of note was to Iceland, thence to Newfoundland and up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, returning across the ocean straight to Ireland from St. John's (Newfoundland). As all who have read the accounts of her famous cruises know, she is a sailing vessel, with auxiliary steam, and though first put in commission as long ago as 1874, she is a fast boat still according to the standard of yachts of her build to-day. More than that, she is a very fine sea boat, as she had need to be to weather some of the storms that she has suffered. The present voyage, as we understand, is a little matter compared with previous doings—to Venice and other places on the coast of Italy—but even the mere Bay of Biscay itself would not be contemplated with perfect equanimity by everybody from the deck of so small a ship.

It is satisfactory to hear, from those who are in touch with the working of that admirable institution, the Children's Country Holiday Fund, that not all the poorer classes in London, at all events, are, at the moment of writing, feeling the stress occasioned by the deplorable coal strike to such an extent as to be unable to make their usual contribution towards sending the children for their fortnight of refreshment and good air in the country. It would be sad if it were otherwise.



## CARIBOU MIGRATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—I.

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. F.R.G.S

October 24th, 1911.

ONCE more I find myself in Newfoundland watching from my blind for the elusive caribou, and, judging from indications, I shall not have long to wait. The day before yesterday, while paddling up the river, I saw several small lots of caribou; and this morning, while cooking my solitary breakfast, a herd of fifteen swam across the river and landed on the bank directly opposite my camp; so it looks as though the migration, for which I have long waited, has really begun, and that I should at last have some luck. Yesterday I repaired the blinds which I have used each year, and built a couple of new ones on very promising leads, so I feel that I am ready for my friends when they come. Armed with camera, plates and warm clothing, I left camp soon after the sun had risen. After showing myself for a few minutes it retired behind the deep grey clouds. I circled around the river to my blind, so as to leave no scent along the caribou leads; for unless pressed by bad weather, these animals will not cross a fresh man's trail, and even if the scent be almost cold, their suspicions will be aroused and the chance of securing pictures greatly reduced. It is only when they are absolutely off their guard and unsuspicious that one has any chance with them. To-day the wind is favourable, but bitterly cold. Unfortunately, the light is bad; but then that seems to be the rule at this time of the year in Newfoundland, bright days being rather the exception. My blind, or gaze, as the Newfoundlanders call it, is a simple affair composed of about a dozen small fir trees stuck securely into the bog, arranged in a circle, open at the southern end. On the north side facing the leads the branches are cut away, leaving an opening through which the camera protrudes. The selection of a desirable site for the blind is of the greatest importance; it should control as many leads as possible, the prevailing direction of the wind must be considered, the sun must be from the back, the background should compose well, and there should be no obstructions in the foreground. Inside the blind everything should be arranged so that no dry twigs will rub against one's clothing, for the slightest noise may cause the loss of a picture. A number of well-worn leads or paths pass on each side of the blind I have made, some only a few feet away, others two or three hundred feet. All the conditions are such that if the caribou come I should be almost certain to get pictures.

The day wears on, but not a caribou comes. I have been doing some sketching, but the cold wind makes the work very trying. The afternoon is particularly dark and unpleasant, and as it is nearly four o'clock, I will head for camp without having used a single plate. On my way down the river two small herds crossed far ahead of me.

Another day. Since eight o'clock this morning I have been in the same blind, but without accomplishing anything. In the distance I have heard the splashing of animals crossing the river; why it is none comes along these fine leads is difficult to understand. Before returning to my camp I shall examine the banks and find out what leads are being used.

Yesterday's search showed that the caribou are using the leads below my camp, quite a number having crossed the river during the past few days; so this morning finds me in a new blind on the south side of the river. Unfortunately, the wind is blowing so hard that it is impossible to hear any animals entering the water. Therefore it is all the more necessary that I keep my eyes opened. For two hours I have been waiting and my hands and feet are becoming numb, so I must get up and start the blood circulating; but wait! there is a caribou. It proved to be only a doe and her fawn, a beautiful pair, almost entirely clothed in their winter coat of silvery white. They came along at a quick walk heading directly towards me, closer and closer until within forty feet or so. Owing to the lack of light it was impossible to make a picture of them walking, so that, as soon as everything was ready, I gave a sudden shout. They stopped immediately, and as they looked about with a surprised expression, the shutter clicked with a noise that revealed my position, and off the pair went at full gallop. This little excitement helped to warm me up; but the cold is getting more and more intense and the sky becomes still more heavily obscured with cold lead-coloured clouds. Bad weather is coming, without doubt. If only it would snow there would be no lack of caribou. Even while I am writing, occasional snowflakes fly past, stinging my face. Further writing is impossible to-day. At intervals during the night flurries of hard snow blew against my tent, yet all together there was scarcely enough to whiten the ground.

The day broke dull and grey, but before nine o'clock the sun came out. Now if the caribou would only come; the light is good and there is little wind, so that any animals crossing



A. R. Dugmore.

A YOUNG STAG COMING THROUGH THE SNOW.

Copyright.



A. R. Dugmore.

Newfoundland Caribou on Migration. Going at a quick walk, a swinging trot, or at times a gallop, they usually travel in single file along the well-known leads or paths that have been used for centuries. In nearly all cases a doe leads the herd. This picture has taken six years to get—six years of patient waiting for suitable conditions.

Copyright.

the river can be easily heard. A Canada jay is sitting upon a twig above my head. He seems to be watching the pencil with wondering eyes. Down he comes; now he is not more than a foot or so from my head. Whoa there! Well, that certainly beats anything I have ever known for impertinence. Evidently it was my glasses that fascinated the bird, for he suddenly darted at them and had them in his bill before I realised his intentions. Throwing up my hands, I frightened the rascal, and he dropped the glasses. Before I could replace them the stillness of the morning was broken by repeated sounds of splashing in the river. Caribou had crossed and landed close to where my canoe was hidden. Fortunately, they kept clear of my trail. It was only a small herd, but they came within range and I made two exposures. Scarcely had I

reloaded the camera than another and larger herd came into view. What a superb sight they presented as they walked with quick steps along the lead which would give me the best chance with the camera. So quiet was the morning that the curious clicking of their feet sounded unusually clear. Here was the chance for which I had been waiting six long years, the combination that I knew was bound to come *some* time—good light and a large enough herd of absolutely unsuspicious caribou. It was really worth waiting for, and my heart beat so hard with excitement that it seemed as though the approaching animals must hear it. With almost feverish haste each part of the camera was carefully examined to see that the shutter was set correctly, the proper diaphragm in place, the slide drawn and so forth. All of this occupied but a second or two. However, the animals



A. R. Dugmore.

Once in a great while, the herd is led by a stag, and in this picture the difference of disposition is clearly shown, the doe being always more suspicious and alert, especially when travelling.

Copyright.

were almost in range by the time I had made sure that everything was in readiness. If only a stag had been leading; but that seldom happens. In fact, only three times have I seen it. First came a doe and her fawn, then three young stags and another doe, followed by a fair stag; but the largest one was, of course, the last of the line. That is the rule, and that is why it is so very difficult to photograph them. On they came, and I watched them closely as they grew larger and larger on the ground-glass of the camera; but at the moment when they

that small herd was a stag, a real stag of the kind one reads about but seldom sees. "How many points?" you ask. Well, I do not know. I did not have time to count them; but it looked like forty-five or fifty, and the photograph shows full forty-five. He followed close behind the small band of does, and came within fifty feet of me before I made the exposure. Startled by the sound of the shutter, the big fellow jumped directly toward me, stopping about twenty-five feet away. Excited to a painful degree, I tried to put in another plate,



A. R. Dugmore. Somewhat suspicious the herd hesitates before crossing the river. This picture proves that the Caribou, usually shown as an ungainly creature, is quite as graceful as any of the deer family. Copyright.

almost covered the entire plate, I pressed the shutter release, the picture was made, and the herd had gone before another plate could be put into position. Now once more I settle down to watch and think with pleasure of the good luck that has come my way. It has been a satisfactory day's work, even if I get nothing more; but apparently there is more to come, for at this moment I hear splashes. What is to be? There comes a head through the fringe of alders which line the river bank, another and yet another. This is surely my lucky day. Among

and reset the shutter so that I might make a picture of the stag alone. But just as I was drawing the slide he galloped off. I had secured one picture of the magnificent specimen, so I had no right to complain. Yet I did regret not having succeeded in getting the picture of him alone, when he would have shown to much better advantage.

So far nothing has happened since the big stag came. It is afternoon and the sky is dull. Several caribou are feeding on the marsh a few hundred yards away. One small herd is



working in this direction. They are feeding slowly along. Now they are not more than one hundred and fifty yards away. They have stopped feeding, and one after the other they are lying down. The stag, a fine big one, stands sentry for some time; but he, too, wants to rest, so he lies down. For over an hour they sleep quietly. One old doe looks up occasionally, but they are oblivious to the fact that their arch-enemy, man, is so near, until suddenly three does came along so quietly that I neither saw nor heard them until they were within about twenty feet, and without having seen them I moved, and, of course, they bolted, giving as they went the alarm call, which roused the sleeping herd and caused them to take to their heels.

This is a morning of mornings. The whole country is a fairyland, glistening and sparkling with a wonderful covering of iridescent hoarfrost. The dark, oily water of the river seems doubly dark as it glides along the white avenue. The edges are coated with frost-covered ice, and small clusters of frozen froth go down the river slowly and silently. The overpowering silence is broken now and then by the harsh croak of a raven or the whistling of a passing duck. It is on a morning like this that one appreciates to the fullest the joy of being entirely alone, and yet people so often ask me if I am not lonely on these solitary trips! On such a day as this, loneliness is impossible. The barrens surrounding my blinds are particularly and wonderfully beautiful this morning. In one part the yellow grass gives a curious golden hue to the frosty covering. In another the colour is pinkish purple, as richly coloured leaves shine through the frost. Look which way you will, the effect is different, yet equally beautiful. But it is too good to last. A cold wind is getting up, dark clouds are gathering on the horizon, bad weather is threatening. It is about noon, and even now large drops of rain are spattering the paper, so I must stop writing. Yesterday brought no luck. The weather became unbearable, and at three o'clock I gave up and returned to camp. By five o'clock it was snowing hard, and all night the soft flakes pattered gently on the tent, each one adding to my hopes. When I got up this morning at 5.30, the moon was setting in a clear sky. The country looked as beautiful as it always must when the evergreens are snow-covered. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees, and everything was so exquisitely quiet that it seemed an act of sacrilege to break the stillness with the sound of the axe. This snow was bound to bring the caribou, and I hurried

through breakfast, scarcely waiting to share my porridge with my favourite Canada jay. With disgust I saw the sky becoming overcast, and before I left the camp a film of grey had hidden



A. R. Dugmore.

A monster stag, carrying a head of between 45 and 50 points—a head such as the man who shoots dreams about but seldom sees.

Copyright.



A. R. Dugmore.

TWO BEAUTIES—A CARIBOU DOE AND FAWN.

Copyright.

the blue. Now I am once more in the whitened blind, wishing the sun would come out to make the snow sparkle and help me with my photographic work. There! I hear a splash in the river

not four hundred yards away. Another and another in quick succession. It is caribou, and they are evidently going to land at the leads which I am watching. Everything is ready but the light, which is pitifully bad. They are coming—what a herd that was! Fully seventy-five, with many good stags, but they came so fast, as though impelled by the fear of bad weather, that a sufficiently quick exposure was impossible. Nothing could stop the maddened herd, and they rushed past me within a few feet, the band separating as they reached the blind, going so close that I could put out my hand and touch them as they pass. Exciting! It certainly was. It was exhilarating, and even though I got only one very poor picture, the experience was one long to be remembered. What would I not have given for a gleam of sunshine! Then I could have shown people what a herd of frenzied caribou look like. Wait! There is another splash—it was only a single stag, a rather small one with poor antlers, but he came very close and, as he was travelling slowly, I managed to secure a fair picture. The wind is rising and blowing away the snow from the more exposed situations. This is bad, as it makes it still more difficult to use the camera for quick work.

Once more I hear a terrific splashing in the river, but it sounds a little below my leads. Minutes are going by. Still I see no sign of the animals. They have evidently gone along another lead further to the westward. Yes; I can see them crossing the big marsh. A superb herd of one hundred and twenty or more. What a pity they are too far away to photograph! It is such a beautiful sight, that long, quickly-moving line of white and grey, its colour being in perfect harmony

with the snow-mottled marsh, where the colours range from the deepest crimsons and yellows to the cold blue and lemon greys of the caribou moss.

There again is the promising sound of splashing in the water, repeated at short intervals, as animal after animal takes to the river. The wind makes so much noise that it is impossible to get any idea of the number in the herd; but I shall probably see them, as they appear to be coming this way. Yes; there they are. The herd was a big one, but it divided, and only thirty or forty passed me, and not a stag in the lot. For some unknown reason the big part of that herd, with several fine stags, turned off from the main lead soon after leaving the river bank, so the picture of the does was all I could get. It is surely hard luck to see so many caribou and not be able to make satisfactory pictures. But, after all, that is the peculiarity of animal photography. There is always some obstacle in the way of making good pictures. It is these difficulties and disappointments which make the sport so fascinating. How much more difficult it is than shooting! Here, this morning, I could have shot several fine stags, but not a single good picture of one could I secure. Several hours have gone by and many caribou have passed, large and small herds. But most have gone so quickly that with the poor light I could not photograph them. A few came more quietly, and with these I had fair luck. Now it is too dark to do anything more. In point of numbers, this has been the best day I have ever known—over five hundred having passed within sight, but the results pictorially have been very unsatisfactory.

(To be continued.)

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

FOR the sake of future readers it is desirable that the extraordinary occurrences of Saturday should be accurately set down and described. The annals of boat-racing do not contain the record of anything similar. Both the University boats filled. The Boat

Race was instituted in 1829, and since then there has only been one occasion on which a crew sank. This occurred in 1859. On Saturday nobody expected anything so extraordinary to occur. The water, it is true, was rough; but it was not so bad as in 1898, when the Cambridge boat shipped water at the very beginning of the course. It was, no doubt, owing to a variety of causes that the crowd of sightseers was not nearly so large as usual. There was the distraction of the strike and its consequences, which engaged many people elsewhere. The race, too, was rowed in the morning, and hence did not prove so attractive to the populace as an afternoon event does. Many thousands of clerks and others who would fain be present are attached to their stools till after lunch-time. Finally, it was not a very propitious day as regards the weather. In the morning, to be sure, it was clear and the wind was in the west; but, for a west wind, it blew keenly. In fact, it was slightly north-west, which may account for its sharpness. The river was certainly uninviting. Mr. Bourne is said to have sent a request to the umpire that the stake boats should be anchored near the Surrey shore, so that the crews might have some shelter in the first reach. This was not complied with, and at 11.43 the boats started on water that was as unfit and disagreeable as it well could be. They went off at a quick stroke; Oxford rowed eighteen and Cambridge twenty in the first half-minute. Perhaps this was a mistake. At any rate, it led

to a good deal of splashing at the very beginning of the race, and in one of our photographs it will be seen that immediately after the start Cambridge was shipping water.

It is difficult to say much about the rowing, because so much spray was flying about that it became difficult, almost impossible, to see the oarsmen. It was evident to the onlooker, however, that the Dark Blues, who were not rowing very prettily at the outset, steadied down into a slow stroke, while their

opponents tried to keep up the rate at which they had begun. They reached the Mile Post in 5min. 18sec., which has the distinction of being the longest time for that distance in the history of the race. Both boats, as a matter of fact, had been taking in considerable quantities of water, which spouted from the riggers and came tumbling in about the feet of the oarsmen. Cambridge had suffered most from this cause, and as her gunwale lowered, the water poured in more and more, till at Harrods' Wharf the cox. had to turn the boat to the shore, as it was evident that she was going to sink altogether. This she did, the stern going down first. The men jumped out, as at the place where they were it was impossible to empty and right the boat and proceed. So far Oxford had had the better of the luck; but at the centre arch of Hammersmith Bridge very rough water awaited them. They struggled on past the Doves; but the boat sank at last at Chiswick Steps. Mr. Bourne slipped over the side, the other men followed his example, and they began to drag the boat ashore in what must have been bitterly cold water, until they were immersed to the armpits. They resumed the race after righting and emptying her, although the umpire had already given his decision that the race would have to be rowed over again.



BOURNE AFTER HIS FOURTH VICTORY.



On Monday the rival crews met once more, though, close on twelve o'clock, a heavy hailstorm broke over Putney and whitened the ground. Under the circumstances, it is not wonderful that many were doubtful if an attempt would really be made to row the race in such weather. The pluck of the crews was evidently appreciated, as a thundering cheer greeted the start. Oxford was not long in showing superiority. Cambridge had begun with a thirty-eight to their opponents' thirty-seven, and in

the fight with a strong wind which came directly against them, both of the boats had a bad time. At Harrods' Wharf, Oxford was two lengths in front of Cambridge, and this lead had been increased to three lengths when they passed Hammersmith Bridge. At Chiswick Eyot, Oxford, coming to smoother water, went away and left Cambridge behind; the margin between the two was never reduced, although the Cambridge men kept up the tradition of the race by fighting pluckily to the finish.



A START IN ROUGH WATER.



CAMBRIDGE WATER-LOGGED.



OXFORD FIGHTING THE WAVES AT HAMMERSMITH.

OXFORD SINKING.  
SATURDAY'S FIASCO.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## FISHERMAN'S MADNESS.

BY

W. I. J. WHITE.



**T**HERE were admittedly extenuating circumstances, but, taking the bare facts of the case, Edward Rinkle was clearly in the wrong. Major Saxon

had warned him of the consequences if he persisted in fishing his water without permission; but the imperturbable Rinkle had ignored both threat and entreaty, until the Major, driven to desperation, had at last sought the law for the protection of his legal rights.

In due course, the erring Rinkle received a letter stamped with the names of a well-known firm of solicitors, informing him that if he were found trespassing on Major Saxon's property again, he would be immediately prosecuted. This had the effect of putting a temporary stopper on the miscreant's raids on the forbidden water, and the Major, who had a profound respect for Edward Rinkle, senior, was congratulating himself on having solved an awkward problem, when the very worst unexpectedly happened.

It was a beautiful summer's morning and the May-fly was thick upon the water. Such an opportunity was too good to be missed by an angler of Edward Rinkle's calibre, and his books—he was studying for the law—were flung on one side in favour of a rod, net and basket. He had a small stretch of water which belonged to his father, and this he whipped with all his customary skill and patience, but without as much as touching a trout. It was when he had fished the stream up for the second time, and was vaguely wondering whether he should chuck it or have another try, that he made his first mistake. It was curiosity, nothing more, that made him peer over the hedge where the first strip of the Major's preserved water commenced.

Flip, flop, splash! The trout were revelling in the May-fly carnival, and to Rinkle's ears the sound was simply maddening. "Who could help catching them under such conditions?" he mused, bitterly. "Why, I could bag a brace from where I am standing." Was it legal? Would it be playing the game? He was on his own property, he reflected. He looked at the water again, thought of his empty basket; then he was hopelessly floored. The rod was whisked through the air, the line shot neatly over the first row of obstacles; but for once he had over-estimated his skill—the flies fell plump into an overhanging bush.

Now he had no desire to lose his cast, so, making sure first that the coast was clear, he climbed cautiously over the hedge. Quickly releasing the flies, he was on the point of scrambling back again to his own water when the splash of a particularly heavy trout upset his limited stock of reasoning powers. "Might as well catch one while I am over here," he thought.

The first cast was an unfortunate one for both fish and angler, a beautiful "pounder" finding its way into the landing-net. After that Rinkle threw the last shred of wisdom to the winds, and went for his prey, slaughtered them right and left. With a basket that was growing heavier every minute, he had the great misfortune to run into Major Saxon's keeper, and it was then that he made his second and last mistake. Instead of adopting an apologetic course of action, he calmly told the man to go to Spain, or any equally warm corner of the globe.

Now such a complete lack of diplomacy could only produce one result, and the keeper promptly went off like a ninepenny cracker. Stamping his foot and beating the air with a thick cherry-wood, he commanded the intruder to leave the water immediately or take the consequences. Rinkle, however, flatly refused to comply with the request; the lust for sport was in his veins, and it is doubtful if he would have relinquished his rod at that moment even if the king had sent him a royal command. Half-an-hour later he filled his basket, and it was as he was gazing at the speckled monsters which had fallen victims to his lures that the first gleam of sanity came back to him. Reluctantly he admitted that the offence was unpardonable, that he had behaved in a manner that must henceforth bar him from the paths which a gentleman trod. And behind it all was the vague knowledge of what was to follow—the picture of the shadowy, extended arm of the law.

For three whole days he lived on the edge of a volcano; then a bulky, blue-coated gentleman cut short his suspense by delivering the fatal document. "For me?" he asked, simulating surprise.

"Yes, sir, a summons to appear at the police-court on Monday next."

Rinkle hastily scanned the printed form. "Ah, yes, I understand!" he said, with a feeble effort to carry off the situation. "Major Saxon has made a mistake. Suppose I shall have to appear, if it is only to prove an *alibi*."

The policeman did not reply, and Rinkle, realising that every moment was of vital importance—he lived in mortal fear lest one of the members of the household should appear on the scene—promptly guided the law's messenger into other pastures. Even then he was none too soon, for his father caught a glimpse of the man as Rinkle was closing the front gate.

"Hulloa, Ted, what was that policeman doing up here?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Came to the wrong house," Rinkle fibbed.

"Strange!" murmured his father. "A policeman should not make a mistake."

"He is new to the force," Rinkle explained, warming up to his job. "Wanted to know if the Freemans lived here. Tom has been exceeding the speed limit; I knew he would get caught in the end. Mad young devil!"

"Humph! Well, let it be a warning to you. Remember, if ever you should happen to get into a similar sort of scrape, I won't pay another ha'penny of your law fees. You will have to be content with a stool in my office."

Rinkle watched his father's portly form disappear round an angle of the house. Then he groaned audibly to himself. "That's done it! Tom is not the only mad young devil in the world. I shall have to get out of this somehow, or it will be stagnation on an office stool for the rest of my life."

Now Rinkle was not mentally deficient. He had brains, only, unfortunately, he suffered from that distressing complaint which is usually diagnosed as "fisherman's madness." He had got himself into an awful hole, and he knew there was only one person who could possibly get him out of it, and that one person was himself. So he accordingly set his brains to solve the darkest problem of his whole career. To throw himself on Major Saxon's mercy was a mode of procedure which did not commend itself. Certain facts would have to be explained; his lack of ordinary, everyday civility to the Major's keeper was one of them.

Now, I have said before that Rinkle was brainy, and I think that, when you have realised the daring ingenuity of the plot which he finally concocted, you will endorse my sentiments. Remember, he had absolutely nothing to work on. There were no weak spots in the Major's armour; the man had led an exemplary life. An invented story would have lacked conviction. Besides, he was caught in the very act of netting one of the Major's lively "half-pounders." It would have been useless to have denied the charge. When I said he had absolutely nothing to work on, I was wrong. There were two unobtrusive little points which ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have missed. Rinkle, however, happened to be the three-figure man, and he pounced upon them. The first was the Major's devotion to angling; the second his inability to catch trout. It was on these scanty pieces of knowledge that the ultimate success or failure of Rinkle's scheme hung.

In a squalid, tumble-down shanty, and situated in the worst part of the town, dwelt one Tom Billings by name, a man of some repute. He had ten police convictions against him for poaching, a similar number for being drunk and disorderly, and yet, strange to relate, Rinkle's first move was to wend his footsteps in the direction of the old reprobate's domicile. He had placed an imaginary halo round the sinner's head, not on account of his poaching propensities (Rinkle was a firm believer in a fair rod and line), but because the man had once befriended him against the attack of an infuriated tramp. The recollection of those brawny arms shooting in and out like a piston-rod, and the tramp's subsequent collapse in a heap on the road, still lived in his memory.

"Well, sonny, what can I do for you?" remarked the poacher, genially, as he puffed away at a short clay pipe.

"I want a tin of your special fishing bait," said Rinkle, nervously.

The man's pipe dropped out of his mouth. "You—you young devil!" he grinned. "You don't mean to say you are going to turn poacher? Well, it's a grand life. Chock full of excitement."

Rinkle blushed. "It is for an experiment—it might not act," he said, evasively.

Billings produced the desired article. "Not act—just you try it," he said with a wink. "You will empty the river. But a word of warning. Be careful the bloke in the white leggin's don't spot you. He got me two months' hard."

"Thanks for the advice," replied Rinkle, as he dropped a shilling into the man's hand; "but I don't think you quite understand."

Having completed his purchase, he collected his rod, net and basket and made his way to the river, the fishing rights of which were controlled by an association. He found, as he had hoped and expected, the Major casting a huge Gold Devon from the edge of the water. Rinkle watched him for a few minutes in silence. Presently he consulted his old Waterbury; it was 5.30 p.m. Robert Rooney, the keeper, would conclude his daily round at "The Rookery" (the stretch of water which the Major was fishing), and the hour, he had learnt from experience, would be close on 7 p.m.

Having impressed these important facts on his mind, he moved forty yards down the river. Then came the saddest moment of his life. His rod and tackle were fixed up; the lid of the deadly bait tin was removed. Very slowly he placed a piece of the pinky substance on the hook. For fifteen solid years he had creeled his trout by legitimate means; now he was about to fall to the level of the scoundrel who nets his spoil at the dead of night—and it went against the grain.

"It is rotten—low down!" he groaned. "Still, it can't be helped. There are times when a chap cannot play the game."

Now Rinkle, though he had had no previous experience with illegal lures, knew exactly how they should be used. Billings, the poacher, had once delivered him a lecture on the subject, and though he had denounced the whole thing as unsportsmanlike, many of the man's words had found a resting-place in some remote corner of his brain. Sport, if you can designate it as such, waxed fast and furious, five unfortunate trout falling victims to the deadly nature of his lure. As he killed each one and laid it alongside of its slain comrades, those glassy eyes seemed to look at him with reproach; and if they could but have spoken, these words might have been said, "You a fisherman! How could you do it!"

"It is not a bit of good looking at me like that!" he muttered, resentfully. "I had to do it, and that's the truth. Poor beggars! How they gobbled it. I wonder if my bank fish will have the same gluttonous craving for salmon paste."

He shouldered his rod and joined the Major, who was still pursuing his laborious but fruitless exhibition of casting.

"Any luck, sir?" Rinkle enquired.

The Major turned sharply, favoured the intruder with one of his stoniest stares, and was then on the point of resuming his casting, when he suddenly remembered the ordinary, everyday rules of angling etiquette. "Absolutely none," was the terse reply.

Rinkle displayed the contents of his basket. "Tidy little lot," he said, laconically.

"Gad! those are fine chaps," said the Major, enviously. "What did you get them on?"

The successful angler produced his tin of bait. "Ever seen this stuff before? It is the first time I have used it."

The Major removed the lid and sniffed at the contents. "But—but this is salmon paste," he stammered. "It is illegal."

"It doesn't matter about the condition of the water, the state of the weather—it always kills," said Rinkle, ignoring the man's words.

The Major muttered something about "poaching" and "forbidden in the laws of angling," and then relapsed into silence.

"Just watch me for a moment," Rinkle suggested, as he baited his hook.

The hands of the town clock were creeping slowly towards the hour of seven. If the Major did not succumb quickly, then all his scheming would be in vain.

"That's a good one," he remarked a minute later, as a pound fish flopped about on the bank.

"Marvellous!" gasped the Major, wiping his forehead.

"Like to try some, sir?" Rinkle enquired, casually.

"No—er—no—er—really, I would rather not."

"Oh, well, of course, if you—"

The speech was never finished. The Major hesitated. The next second his stifled conscience gave a last gasp and expired.

"Well, just—er—a little," he muttered, his face the colour of a poppy.

Rinkle saw that his victim made no mistake. The line drifted down the best swim; the instructor was determined that his pupil should make his record basket.

"Gad! don't they fight," remarked the Major, as he landed his second trout. "Plaster some more on. I am just beginning to find my touch."

The youth needed no further bidding. The Major had fallen into his skilfully-laid trap. The rest was only a matter of time.

Sport—once more I blush as I use that ill-chosen word—went on merrily, the Major wielding his rod with deadly effect. Rinkle, on the other hand, made no effort to fill his basket. As far as he was concerned, the game was as good as over. Presently he dropped his rod on the bank.

"Hulloa! I can see the keeper in the distance," he announced.

The Major, who had been living in a little Paradise all of his own, came back to earth with a bump.

"Good Lord! What shall we do?"

"Do?" echoed the youth, calmly. "Why, nothing! I am going to tell him exactly how you caught those trout."

A cold shiver went down the Major's spine.

"Tell him! Why, you must be joking!"

"I was never more serious in my life," Rinkle informed him. "It is a most disgraceful case of poaching, and I consider it my duty to expose it to the Board of Conservators."

"But, you forget that you are in the same boat. It was you who suggested the wretched bait."

"I forget nothing—not even the writ you served me for trespassing on your preserves. But if I am, through your instrumentality, to be doubly fined, I will take jolly good care that you get a dose out of the same bottle. Now do you understand?"

"It was your own fault," said the Major, weakly. "I warned you of the consequences."

"Come, Major, it is useless to adopt that line of argument. Remember, you are also an angler. Could you resist the temptation I put in your way? No; of course not—then no more could I. We have both got a touch of 'fisherman's madness.' It is almost as catching as salmon paste."

"You insulted my keeper," the Major expostulated. "I can't forget that."

The vision in the white leggings was very near now. Rinkle felt like boxing the Major's ears; he had never dreamt that the man could have been so obstinate.

"Yes, I know I did," he said, desperately, "and I am deuced sorry. 'Pon my soul, I didn't mean to do it. And, sir, if you prosecute, you will make it awfully uncomfortable for me. My pater will put me into an office, and I am dead-set on becoming a solicitor."

For the first time the daring originality of Rinkle's scheme took a firm hold in the Major's brain. He saw how easily he had been caught, and though the joke was against himself, he was a man who possessed a keen sense of humour, a fact which he proved by emitting one of his heartiest guffaws.

"You would be lost on an office stool, you young rascal. You are a born lawyer. Don't worry any more about that summons. I will squash the whole thing to-morrow."

"Thanks. Now not another word; I will settle the keeper. Snap off your tackle and attach a fly cast. Then leave the rest to me."

Robert Rooney, a stumpy, ginger-headed man, came slowly forward. "Any sport, gentlemen?" he enquired.

"Yes; capital," Rinkle told him. "Major Saxon has got seven, myself nine."

"Well done! What did you get them on?"

"The Red Spinner," remarked Rinkle, coolly. "Never known it go so well before."

The Major remembered his master's instructions, hesitated for the space of three seconds, and then promptly put on the finishing touch.

"Gad! a fair divil of a fly!"

## RICHES.

I may neither sport nor feast;  
Wealth is not for me to make;  
But the sun is mine, at least,  
And my blue hills none can take.  
If I own no gardens fair  
I can see the wild rose twine,  
Wood and wold are mine to share  
And the hills, the hills are mine.

Though my purse can never buy  
Place to hear the diva's song,  
There's a lark against the sky,  
And to me the birds belong.  
Though I own no acres broad,  
Though I hold no farms in fee,  
Yonder glorious hills of God  
Hold their purple arms to me.

If my cellar lacks of wine,  
Blowing splendid from the sea  
Are not all the hill-winds mine  
Brimming golden cups for me?  
If my shelves of books are bare,  
Have I not the skies to read,  
And the wild flowers that declare  
What is aye the cleaner creed?

Let the wealthy hoard their gold,  
Let the famous guard their wreath;  
All I ask to keep and hold  
Is my path across the heath;  
None my freeway to withstand,  
None my faith and me to part,  
Just the winds to hold my hand  
And the hills to keep my heart!

WILL H. OGILVIE.



## SPORTING PRINTS BY FRANCIS BARLOW.—I

**A**MONG the scores of seventeenth century sets of sporting prints known to the collector, the series designed by the well-known Lincolnshire artist, Francis Barlow, born about 1626, has considerable interest, for it is about the first English set occupying itself exclusively with sport published in a separate form, *i.e.*, not as part of a book. Counting the title-page, it consists of thirteen plates, which are about nine inches wide and not quite seven inches high. The spiritedly designed title-page bears the following inscription:

Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking and Fishing according to the English Manner, invented by Francis Barlow, Etched by W. Hollar, and are to be sold by John Overton at the White Horse without Newgate, London 1671.

Underneath the above the following quatrain explains:

If Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, pleasure ycald  
How much may Art exceede as if in Feild  
You vewd each sport, by figure so exprest  
The Severall wayes they take Fowle Fish and Beast.

Being a scarce set and rarely found complete, it is perhaps worth while to premise a brief explanation concerning Hollar's share in the production of this attractive little series. Parthey, to whom the collector instinctively turns for the most authoritative information concerning the works of that wonderfully productive Anglo-Bohemian artist, declares that only the first six plates (counting the title-page as one) were engraved by Hollar, the other seven being the work of an unknown artist. As to five of the plates, *viz.*, the title-page, which we do not propose to reproduce, "Hare Hunting," "River Fishing," "Salmon Fishing" and "Angling," being engraved by Hollar there can be no doubt, for they are all signed by him; but it would be interesting to know why Parthey attributes also the "Cony Catching" print to Hollar's graver, as it does not bear his signature, and, besides, the technique resembles much more that exhibited by the remaining seven cuts by the "unknown" master. Our curiosity is also aroused by Parthey's silence in respect to the striking resemblance existing between the seven unknown prints with the better-known illustrations that adorn "Æsop's Fables," which Barlow not only designed but also engraved. In other words, there seems good reason to suppose that Barlow not only designed but also engraved our seven "unknown" prints.

In the present article we propose to reproduce the four prints engraved and signed by Hollar, together with two others, one being the "Cony Catching" picture, while the remaining six will form the subject of a second article.

We shall now proceed to examine the prints from the sportsman's point of view, and the first thing that needs explanation is the fact why the premier place was given to "Hare Hunting." In this English sportsmen of Charles II.'s reign followed the example set by their forbears in the time of the Plantagenets. The oldest English book on hunting, the Duke of York's "Master of Game," written in the opening years of the fifteenth century (probably in 1406, while he lay imprisoned in Pevenséy), gives precedence to the smallest and most timid beast that was chased, relegating the stag to the second place. Here is what the Plantagenet Prince, the man who gave his life for the victory at Agincourt, says of it: "The hare is a good little beast, and much good sport and liking is the hunting of her, more than that of any other beast that man knoweth, if he were not so little." That he spoke of the hare in two genders in one and the same sentence is accounted for by the ancient belief, to which Pliny also gives expression, that she changed her sex, and was at one time male and at another female.

Of the five reasons which the Duke enumerates as justifying the pre-eminence of

hare-hunting, the first is the only one we need notice, *viz.*, that "her hunting lasteth all the year without any sparing, and this is not with any other beast," adding presently that "a hare shall



*The Lame Hare, when started from her foot, by blood hounds, to save her life see Hunt.* HARE HUNTING. *With several shifts, much leisure and good sport, the hare flies by these means, all provide the safety.*



*With six and eight in your Suffer Stream, Fish, Hatch, and Chub they take with ease of them.* RIVER FISHING. *and many smaller fish, they plunge with poles, great Sticks to catch from barbed in their holes.*



*In River-catch, your Salmon are great when, when with salt nets, they often bring to shore.* SALMON FISHING. *many of them, and diverse other fish, which when well dressed, fit for a Prince's diet.*



last well four miles or more or less if she be an old male hare," a bit of information which throws light upon the pace of the hounds employed for hare-hunting five hundred years ago.

Barlow's hounds have a quaint, old-world look about them, and the huntsman with his formidable hunting-pole, which reminds one of the classic Venabulum, is evidently giving tongue as freely as are some of the pack. Not less amusing is the quatrain:

The timorous hare when started from her seat  
by bloody hounds, to saue her life soe sweet,  
with seuerall shifts, much terrour and great payne,  
yet dyes she by their mouths, all proves but vayn.

Barlow, we must not forget to say, was one of the last to give first place to the hare, for Blome, compiling but fifteen years later his "Gentleman's Recreation," places stag-hunting first, relegating hare-hunting to quite a minor position. As a contemporary of Barlow—the latter designed the picture of otter-hunting in this handsome folio of Blome's—his notes are not without interest when bearing upon Barlow's set. The tone of enthusiasm respecting hare-hunting has almost disappeared: "Men of a lower rank may sometimes divert themselves with the hare," he tells us, though he acknowledges that it "affords delight and recreation to many." According to Blome's description, Barlow's hounds, as here depicted, were probably the "deep-mouthed" or "Southern-mouthed hounds," which are "heavy and slow and fit for woodlands and hilly countreys . . . and are most proper for such as delight to follow them on foot, as stop-hunting, as some call it, but by most it is termed 'Hunting under the Pole.'" When this alpenstock-like implement was flourished, the hounds came to a dead stop, even if they were on the hottest scent.

The next three plates occupy themselves with the gentle art, as it was then understood, the first being "River Fishing." The quatrain tells us:

With flu and codnet in your swifter streame,  
Pike, Perch and Chub they take with store of Breame,  
and many smaller Fish, they plunge with poles  
great shoales to nett from harboring in their holes.

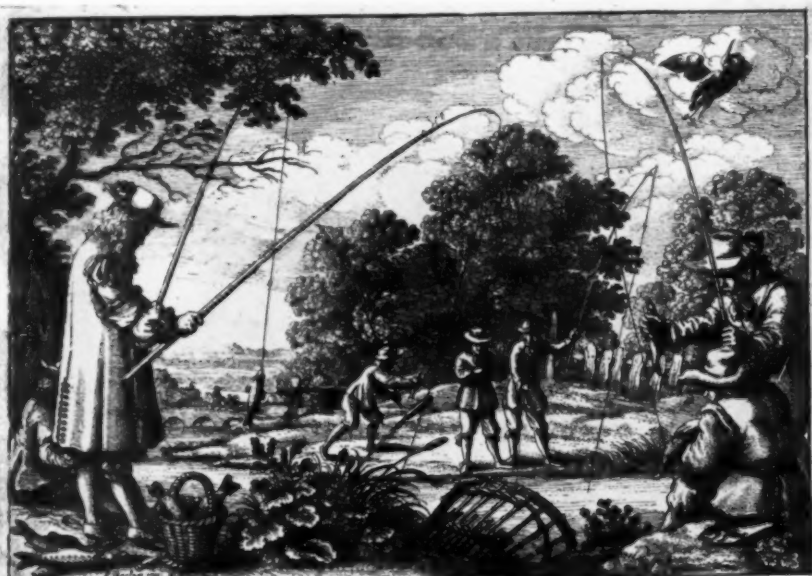
Poles were evidently of as large an order as were the holes that could harbour so many and such a diversity of fish. Much of the same sort is the next plate dealing with "Salmon Fishing":

In Rivers swift, your Salmon are great store,  
where with vast nets, they often bring to shore,  
many of them, and divers other Fish,  
which when well drest, fit for a Princes dish.

Let us here turn again to Barlow's plagiarising contemporary, Blome. To judge by the scanty space devoted by him to the king of fishes, "sniggling and bobbing for eels," "snapping and huxing and trowling for pike" and various other forms of "angling" were in his day considered more delectable pastimes than salmon-fishing! Were he right about what he says of some of the salmon's habits, what hotly-waged piscatorial controversies would not have been spared to the world of fishermen! Thus "the salmon," he says, "casts his spawn in August, making a hole in some safe gravelly place in the river, and therein hide their spawn, covering it over with stones and gravel and so leaves it; and both the melter and the spawner betake themselves to the sea before winter, and if they meet with any obstruction by floodgates or weirs, or become lost in the fresh waters, then those so left do by degrees become sick, lean, unseasonable, pineing away and dye in about two years; notwithstanding which they delight most in fresh waters, nor will they be so fat and good in salt water as in the fresh; and 'tis observed that those little salmon called skeggers are bred by such sick salmon."

Netting seems to have been the favourite way of salmon-fishing, but Blome gives us also some amusing instructions concerning salmon-angling. "The baits proper for the Salmon,

are the same as for the trout, but above all others he will bite best at the Garden-worm called lob-worm, provided it be well scoured as formerly directed; and if you annoint the box wherein you put the worms only three or four at a time, about an hour before you use them, with two or three drops of the



Angling on river banks, trowling for pike,  
Ye dabble Sport when as the fish doth strike.

ANGLING.

And when your pleasure's over, then at night  
You and your friends, doe eate them with delight.



The warner for Coney pitches Nets,  
with dogs and ferrets, many Couples gets.

CONY  
CATCHING

To furnish Poulterers Shops which doe afford  
riches of money for to pay his Lord's good.

#### FERN HAWKING:



The Fern from his watery place doth rise  
Above y<sup>e</sup> Clouds the Faulcon much out vies

Whose force in swooping brings him to y<sup>e</sup> Ground  
A d<sup>e</sup> Ben and Mallard to, doth strike rebound.

juice of Ivy-berries, or Oyl of Polypody of the oak mixt with Turpentine, it is an excellent Attractive."

"Angling" is the next print on the line, and it is among the best, both in design and in execution, and one only regrets that it immortalises no higher form of sport. According to the quatrain at foot:

Angling on river banks, trowling for pike,  
Is noble sport, when as the fish doth strike,  
And when your pleasures over, then at night,  
You and your freinds doe eate them with delight.

According to Blome, the usual length of rods then in use was fourteen feet, and they had two joints; the lines were either "all silk or all hair, or mixt with both." The creel, of a shape more or less as we know it to-day, does not figure in any of Barlow's engravings; but fifteen years later we find one represented in a picture in Blome's chapters on angling. The common and garden market-basket portrayed in the print before us points almost to the conclusion that the creel of the shape known to us had not been invented when Barlow designed this picture, for he was famed for his accuracy in everything that appertained to outdoor life and natural history.

Our next picture is the reproduction of the "Cony Catching" print, to which we have already alluded. The descriptive quatrain has this time a distinctly commercial ring about it:

The warrener for Coneyes pitches Netts,  
With dogs and ferrets many couples gets,  
To furnish poulterers shops which doe afford,  
returnes of moneys for to pay his Lord.

There is little about the scene this picture depicts to indicate that it took place nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, and

the business-like spirit that underlies the verses only adds to its apparent modernity.

Our last or sixth engraving introduces us to a very different form of sport, *i.e.*, hawking. It deals with "Hern" or heron hawking, as the usual verses inform us:

The Hern yet from hir watrey place doth rise  
Above ye cloudes, the Faulken much outvies  
Whose force in stooping, brings hir to ye ground.  
And duck and mallard to(o), doth make rebound.

It is only when we peruse the wonderfully-detailed instructions about this most princely sport in books of the period that we realise what immense pains had to be taken in training the hawks to these exciting "struggles in the blue," and how brief, at best, was the period when this sport could be enjoyed, for heron-hawking could be followed at its full only when these migratory birds were on passage, some time in March. In this respect our picture, showing trees in full leaf, is somewhat misleading, if it is intended to show the sport at its best. Staunch spaniels were essential for it, and their training, so as to assist the capture of the heron without frightening off the hawk, could have been attained only by very close attention and constant practice. Here we have another instance of an artist famed for his truthfulness depicting an occurrence which was based on imagination without any substratum of truth, *viz.*, the fabled use of the heron's sharp beak to impale the pursuing hawk when the latter made his fatal stoop. This, as was shown in a recent article in these columns, does not occur in Nature, however dear was this legend to the painter's mind from the most ancient times down to quite modern days.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

## VULTURE-TRAPPING ON THE UPPER MEKONG

"ONE-HALF of the world does not know how the other half lives" is a very trite but very true epigram. No doubt it was originally applied by its insular inventor to our own little world at home, and was simply meant to sum up our own selfishness—a very human selfishness if you like, for I suppose that the vast majority of men are seventy-five per cent. or more interested in themselves. But the remark is of far wider application, for the traveller, and I think the Asiatic traveller in particular (though I may be biased), very frequently comes across strange people engaged in strange trades, trades carried on in remote places for the purpose of securing somewhat unusual treasures. In some parts of China, for example, men rear a wonderful slate blue pheasant simply for the purpose of supplying a certain class of

military mandarins with tail-feathers to set in their hats. In Tibet, and also in China, the sorcerer, who possesses the power to exorcise devils and scare them from the houses, is a person much honoured and sought after, though none but those who are comparatively well off can afford to entertain him. True, he does no more than sit cross-legged by the fireside, droning prayers and hitting a drum or clashing a pair of cymbals; but it is only the end, not the means to it, which need be taken into consideration. And surely it is a great triumph to have your house swept clear of spirits. An enormous trade in animal produce—skins of various kinds, such as those of the fox, wolf and leopard, musk and feathers—is carried on between Tibetans and Chinese in Far Western China. Needless to say, the astute Chinese who do the trading in the big cities on the frontier get rich, while the poor Tibetans who do the hard



READY FOR WORK.



work in the mountains get enough to live on. One of the most interesting sights I ever saw was the method adopted by the Tibetans of the Upper Mekong Valley for catching vultures, the feathers of which, it may be remarked, are used in Yunnan for making fans, though I never discovered any other uses to which they are put. Up in the mountainous region of North-West Yunnan vultures are fairly numerous, and are generally to be met with wheeling above high limestone cliffs. They, no doubt, feed on the carcasses of precipice sheep, or of deer, bear and other denizens of these forests in the ordinary course of events, occasionally swooping down into the Mekong Valley to make merry over some luckless mule which has missed its footing on the narrow pathway and been hurled to death on the rocks below. Such accidents are not infrequent on these dangerous roads, as the skeletons of animals, picked clean by crows, kites and other carrion feeders, now bleaching in the sunshine, testify. Coming down the mountain slope one day, when I was, perhaps, a thousand feet from the summit and still two thousand feet above the Mekong, I ran across the men shown in the photograph with three sedate and wise-looking vultures fastened to stone pedestals. Just behind them were several bowers of closely-intertwined pine branches, snug little retreats, and far above rose a limestone precipice, the favourite resort of a family of vultures in whose honour this side-show had been staged.

The tame vultures, with their wonderful vision, see their own kin long before the men can descry them, and they betray the fact by a



A DECOY VULTURE.

general appearance of uneasiness, jumping about in lively fashion on their pedestals. As soon as this happens the men let loose one or two of the birds, and themselves dive into the huts for cover, since, if the wild vultures caught sight of them, nothing would induce them to approach the arena; there, lying on their stomachs and screened carefully behind dense walls of pine branches, the men watch the proceedings carefully, ready to dash out in an instant, maybe. Thirty or forty yards from the pedestals a heap of carrion has been placed in a rough wooden cage, so constructed that it is difficult for the birds to make away with a piece bodily, though it is easy enough to get at; they therefore hop clumsily round the cage, pecking and tearing furiously at the stinking morsels, in full view of the savage birds above. The carrion is the bait, the tame vultures are the decoy. No sooner do the wild birds see what is going on under their very noses, so to speak, than, seeing the coast clear, down they swoop to join in the tussle for tit-bits. The trained birds, incensed now with their unbidden guests, immediately try conclusions with them, and in the dust and turmoil of the gory encounter outrush the men from ambush and the wild birds are either killed or captured. The skins are sold for as much as a tael each (about half-a-crown) in Tali-fu and Yunnan-fu, most of them going to the foreign

market, doubtless to be used as hat-feathers; but some at least are made locally into fans.

F. KINGDON WARD.

## THE LOTUS LAND.

**A** LAND of sea or sand, of mountain or plain, of fertile valley or arid plateau, of sun or snow—such is the land of Algeria. Leave England in November, and you find yourself transported from grey to gold, from darkness to light that enwraps and laves you with a soft brilliancy that begets a sense of forgetfulness, a sinking into the ease and abandon of a lotus-eater. There is that touch of the East in its polyglot races—Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Berbers, Bedouins—a perpetual kaleidoscope of race and colour and dress. The civilisation is French, tinged by the atmosphere on to which it has grafted itself; something of Arab idleness is there, a good deal of Mussulman fatalism, so much begun, so much left unfinished, for what does anything matter to the Eastern mind? This for a holiday mood is perfection; also, where the sun is, and the light is, and the flowers are, what *does* anything matter? Life altogether under those gay skies is a much easier, more adaptable affair than in our serious country. To really see and love Algeria, riding is a necessity. Tear about in a motor—a great deal of country will doubtless be covered—or snail about in a train; between the two much may be seen and done, but more left unseen and unfelt, whereas ride, and the country is at your feet.

Through the miles and acres of vineyards, with their farm-houses, and the small villages, half French, half Arab, along the little twisting paths, among wild iris and jonquils, up and down the scrambling hillsides, covered with scrub and pine, heath and dwarf ilex, across the ravines that in places are almost perpendicular, here you touch the life of Algeria and the setting of its people. The great plain of the Tell stretches out, ramparted and battlemented by one of the most magnificent mountain ranges on earth—Atlas—fit shoulders to bear the world's burden.

In the early morning, flushed from sleep, they tower out of the veiled mists of the plain—beyond the blue line, the snow jagged peaks of the Djura Djura; and in the evening they glow like "vaporious amethysts" in the crimson and saffron of the sunset sky. Yet they are more beautiful afar than near; something in their arid sides and fierce gorges is forbidding; hills of our northern land bid us seek them out, but these fastnesses of Atlas are proud and repellent, and do not invite familiar access.

Possibly their greatest fascination is for what lies beyond. Years ago a child lived several months near Algiers; her one thought was ever of what lay on the further side of those giant blue snow hills. Those were the days of camels in Algiers, when they camped in their dozens on the Champs de Manœuvres; every three or four weeks the Arabs folded their tents and set out "beyond the utmost purple rim," returning some weeks later laden with dates from the desert. The child's eyes would follow them wistfully, her small soul reaching out to that great beyond, the sense of which her instinct dimly realised. *Tout vient à celui qui sait attendre.* The camels have disappeared from the neighbourhood of Algiers, but the mountains are there, and the desert lies beyond, the bourne of the years that are gone and the days that are no more.

A great problem came to be solved—whether to go to the completely Arab oasis of Bou Saada, reached from Algiers only by motor, or to Biskra. A hundred and fifty miles by road to the first, to find at the end the little Sahara, or three hundred and eighty miles by rail to the other, and there to find the great Sahara. The years rolled back, the vision of the Arabs and their camels padding silently away beyond the blue hills called, just as they did thirty years ago, and so the great Sahara was reached at long last.



"They" say that Biskra is spoilt, hackneyed, vulgarised. Maybe to those who are spoilt it is; but for those who know nothing better, it is good enough, above all if one goes there under the kind and thoughtful eye of the French Government, who smooth all paths and safeguard one from all difficulties. We British, who pride ourselves on being the colonising nation of the world, may learn many a profitable and, perhaps, humbling lesson from our good neighbour and ally, France, in her great colony of Algeria. The rapidity with which she has overcome enormous difficulties, the way in which the country has been opened up, the magnificence of the roads, the length and amount of railways built in the last twenty years are astonishing. Above all, under her enlightened rule, backed by a long list of illustrious men whom she sends as her Governor-Generals, every inch of land that can produce something is made to do so, and Algeria in its cultivable parts is becoming a land of milk and honey.

Again, "they" say one must motor to Biskra; why take five tiring days to do what can comfortably be done in eighteen hours? But these are the mysterious and inexplicable things which that strange composite being "they" does say. The train to and in the desert is no anomaly, more particularly that the nearer it approaches and the further it travels therein the slower it goes. To travel fast in the desert is an abomination and a sacrilege. "All hurry comes of Satan" is the epitome of the East, and above all of the desert. A horse or a mule is the quickest motion or conveyance thinkable, to be in complete harmony with the surroundings.

It is absurd to talk of *seeing* the desert; as well speak of seeing time or truth, or love; it is not sight but sense that makes the Sahara the mightiest place on earth. Backed by the wild Aurès Mountains, bare and rocky, set in a green sea of date palms, Biskra looks southwards into that strange silent ocean, whose far horizon vanishes into ethereal blue, where earth and sky are one. At first touch of the desert the eyes of a lion come to mind, that far, far-away look in the tawny depths, behind the iron bars. In future, other eyes will turn away at sight of the lion's gaze, for the desert hunger will rise, clutching at the heart, as the iron bars close in, that is, if the Sahara has laid hold and chained the soul to its own.

"But it's just like the sea," says one or many. "The sea?"—and a hopeless feeling comes, for there are no words to express the desert to those to whom it only spells the sea. It is just because it is the very antithesis of the sea that the desert reigns alone. Space without sound, horizon without limit, ocean without unrest, eternal monotony with endless variety, is there aught of the sea therein?

The needle here changes its point of magnetism. Anywhere else to the child of the north it points and draws to the north, here it has swung round and entices to the south; the desert stretches out vast arms to draw you into itself, further and further till you lie buried in its heart of sand. The air is crystal pure, not only physically but mentally, a curious refining washes the vision, touched by the fulness of the warm-pulsed East. The atmosphere of Algiers and its surroundings is laden with scent and colour, exotic and heavy with beauty, quickening the imagination and fanning the senses. But there is nothing of this in the desert; its breath sweeps the lower away, a feeling of buoyant freshness and clearness comes to the inner being, cleansing it as if with sparkling spring water.

There are the cafés, the dream-eyed Arabs smoking and drinking, the dances of the Ouléd Nail women, their quarters and their lives; but come out again into the night and listen to its message; in a moment such scenes will fall away like some dark cloak, leaving neither stain nor remembrance, and the luminous purity of the desert pervades and enfolds you again.

Drive or ride south from Biskra, say to the oasis of Sidi Okba, mount the minaret of its old, old mosque, and look further still into the south. Wander in the quiet garden of its Caïd, if so be you are fortunate enough to be entertained by his dignified hospitality, when *kous kous* and Mechoui (the whole roast lamb to be eaten with the fingers), oranges warm with the sun, dates golden with light, will be served by silent-footed Arab retainers.

All round is the desert, and the atmosphere of rest and calm and infinite leisure, where nothing counts and nothing matters. To turn backwards, north again to Biskra, comes with a wrench; it is turning away from the new magnetic needle that has risen in the heart.

But if such is the day, from the dawn to set of sun, what of the night? The white moon is full, the mountains behind rise grey and ghost-like in the brilliant light, and the Sahara stretches to the south. The barking of dogs from the nomad encampment across the river-bed, the voices of Arabs from the road, the pipe of some native lute, are the notes that strike

against the silence of the desert night that enwraps all sound. It is no longer desert or earth or sand, it is space, infinite, enfolding, with a peace and depth of majestic calm and absolute freedom, into which the whole being sinks, and on whose mighty heart all the burden is laid down. The soul floats out into this new-found world, and at such a moment is detached from all the surroundings, all the links of earth, alone in the silence, and for once in a lifetime has neither thought nor wish for even the dearest human companionship. It needs the solitude of the Sahara to be all-sufficient and all-sufficing; in it there is neither fear nor loneliness; this realisation is the unforgettable moment, a chain that shall bind and hold from the uttermost parts of the earth, a seal upon the memory for ever.

The last day comes; the morning is spent lolling along on gaily caparisoned mules, visiting the nomads across the river, surrounded by yelping dogs and shouting men, women and children, buying their silver trinkets, brooches, boxes and, treasure of all, a snuff mull made of a small horn, slung round the neck of a smiling old hag, who had held it up in hopes of getting it refilled with tobacco. The children were covered with rags and jewellery. Thanks to the presence of a charming Arab *cavalier du bureau*, who acted as guide and escort, the nomads fared worse and we better in our bargains.

Quietly we left Biskra that afternoon, and watched the far blue line lose itself behind the great hills. They glowed rose and purple, orange and crimson, sapphire and opal—all the fantasia of the desert sunset was played in that hour, and as the glory of the day died in the west the splendour of the night rose in the east—the moon shone on the gateway of the desert as we passed through the gorge of El Kantara, back into the outer world, having left something behind for the desert to hold as hostage.

The next day was spent in another and far different world. High up on the great plateaux, circled by the other side of the Aurès Mountains, stands Timgad, stately in her Roman grandeur under the African sky. Lambessa, which one passes on the way thither from Batna, was the military centre, garrison of the famous Third Legion, whose Praetorium stands four-square, invulnerable to this day. Timgad, however, was a city built for pleasure, for leisure, as a refining influence on the Kabyles and Berbers, by Rome in the first century. It was partially destroyed by fire and pillage by these wild tribes in the sixth century, and finally so at the end of the seventh century. Thenceforth Timgad lay hidden by earthquake, and storm and shifting sands, for twelve hundred years.

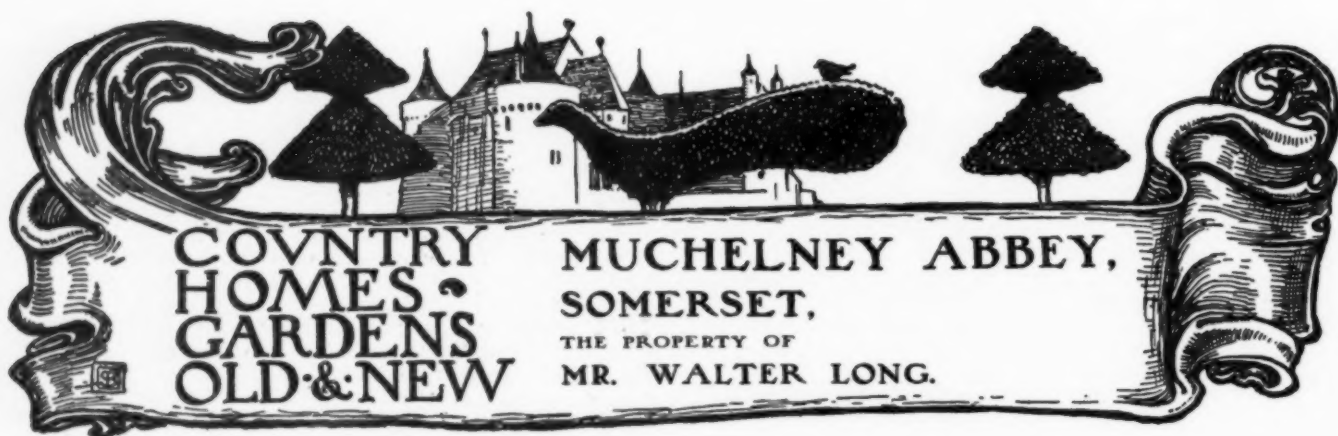
Once more it stands gleaming white and yellow in the sunlight; the Arch of Trajan as great and massive as in A.D. 100, the *Cardo Maximus* and the *Decumanus Maximus* bordered with columns and pillars, houses and market-places, the splendid forum with its white colonnade, the theatre beyond, baths of every size in thirty different places, and high above all, to the north-east of the city, the Capitol with the two mighty columns of the Temple of Jupiter soaring eighty feet against the blue arch of the sky. It is Rome personified—strong, beautiful, impressive—and past. As we wander about the silent ways the thought strikes—here in the heart of Algeria, fifteen hundred miles from home, is the impress of the same hand that conquered our land, that built our roads and walls, that taught us law and order, and from whose civilisation our own has evolved. All the lands and shores that lie between were hers also, and here on the borders of the desert she reigned too, and the mighty works still bear witness to her imperial rule. She being dead yet speaketh.

The museums of Timgad and Lambessa are full of splendid works of art, statues of Italian marble, bas-reliefs, jewels; and, above all, mosaics which in their fineness are veritable paintings in stone. France has dealt with generous hand in excavating and preserving these Roman treasures. Lover of the beautiful as she is, these monuments of her great forerunner in North Africa have indeed fallen into understanding and sympathetic hands.

The shadows are lengthening as we bid good-bye to M. Barry, the cultured and courteous director of Timgad, who had in a walk of two hours opened our ignorant and unseeing eyes to many hidden treasures and interests of the great city. Once more our faces were set to the north for Algiers. A few days more of sunshine in the Lotus Land, a farewell ride or so along the edge of the great plain to look towards the blue Atlas, this time with the knowledge of what lies to their far south.

"Plus on parcourt l'Algérie, plus on s'y attache, et plus on l'aime," so writes one of her oldest inhabitants and lovers. When one has passed within her gates, and felt the depth of her heart's core, been welcomed by her children and left something of one's self in her keeping, the hour of parting is heavy indeed.

H.



**O**f the Benedictine House at Muchelney but few annals survive. The learned Thomas Hearne complained in 1726 of how little mention there was of it in Dugdale's "Monasticon." He therefore laboriously gathered together such waifs and strays as he could find concerning it and introduced them in his edition of the Glastonbury Chronicle. But even he was not able to get positive documentary evidence of the now accepted view that it was founded, not, as one tradition states, by Alfred the Great, but by that King's grandson, Athelstan, in 939 A.D. Through his munificence and that of his successors on the English throne it grew to considerable wealth and importance, so that its income, of £51 16s. at the time of the Domesday Survey (when we find that its monks had their vineyard), had risen to almost ten times that figure when the last abbot surrendered it in 1538 to Henry VIII., who bestowed its lands upon his brother-in-law, Edward Seymour. In the interval its abbots and monks had more than once got into trouble, partly from trying to resist the encroachments of the mighty Abbey at Glastonbury, and partly through their own peccadilloes, which brought down upon them the visitations and reprimands of the bishops of the diocese. We find that in 1335 some of the monks are presuming "to use costly and rich vessels

in their repasts," while others, instead of being contented with their small cots, "made for themselves couches or beds in the common dormitory, after the similitude of a tent or porch"; nay, the Visitation "clearly laid open that secular men, without discrimination, and women and girls" were surreptitiously entering the precincts. At another time a general slackening of discipline arose from the abbot's habitual non-residence, to whom the bishop has to write that the monks "like mice that play while the mouser is away, the reins of restraint loosened, disport themselves in the highways, and mixing themselves up publicly with worldly confusions—yea, and what is worse, we grieve to add, too frequently entering houses of indifferent report, yea secret and suspected places, in opposition to what becomes their position and the observance according to the rule of our holy religion—spend as laics among laymen, as it is asserted, a life of marvellous dissoluteness."

There is no doubt that it was as "laics among laymen" that the heads of monastic houses loved to pose when the Tudor era began. Although this may have been contrary to rule and right—and so one of the causes of their downfall—yet we at this day cannot be other than grateful to them for it, in that it led to their adding to the older domestic buildings of their monasteries sumptuous lodgings for themselves, which

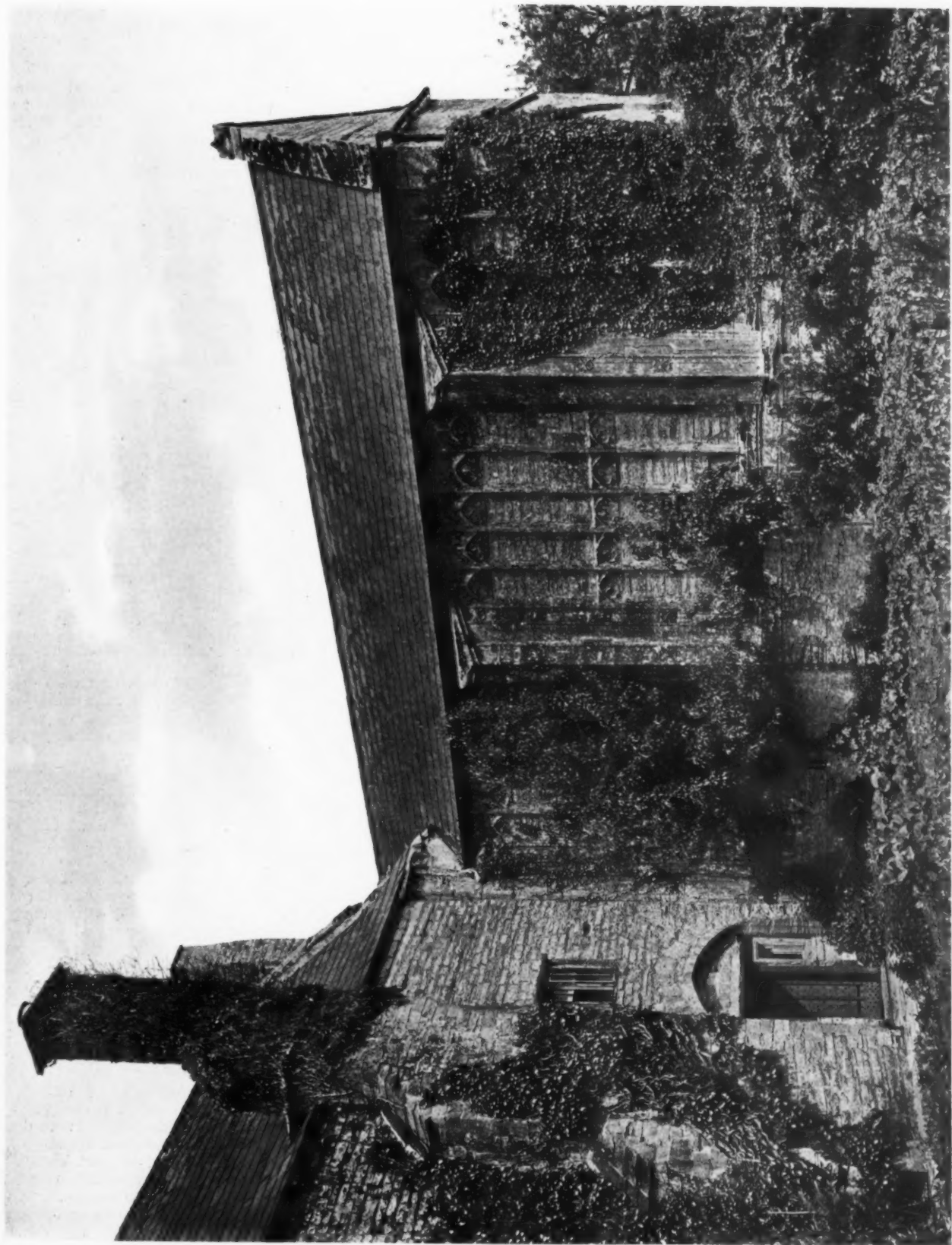


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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

SITE OF THE REFECTORY.

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were among the most finished and beautiful examples of the last phases of Gothic house architecture. The almost perfect prior's house at Wenlock and the finely-wrought abbot's parlour at Thame are among the examples already known to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, and now illustrations are offered of what is still known as the "Abbot's House" at Muchelney.

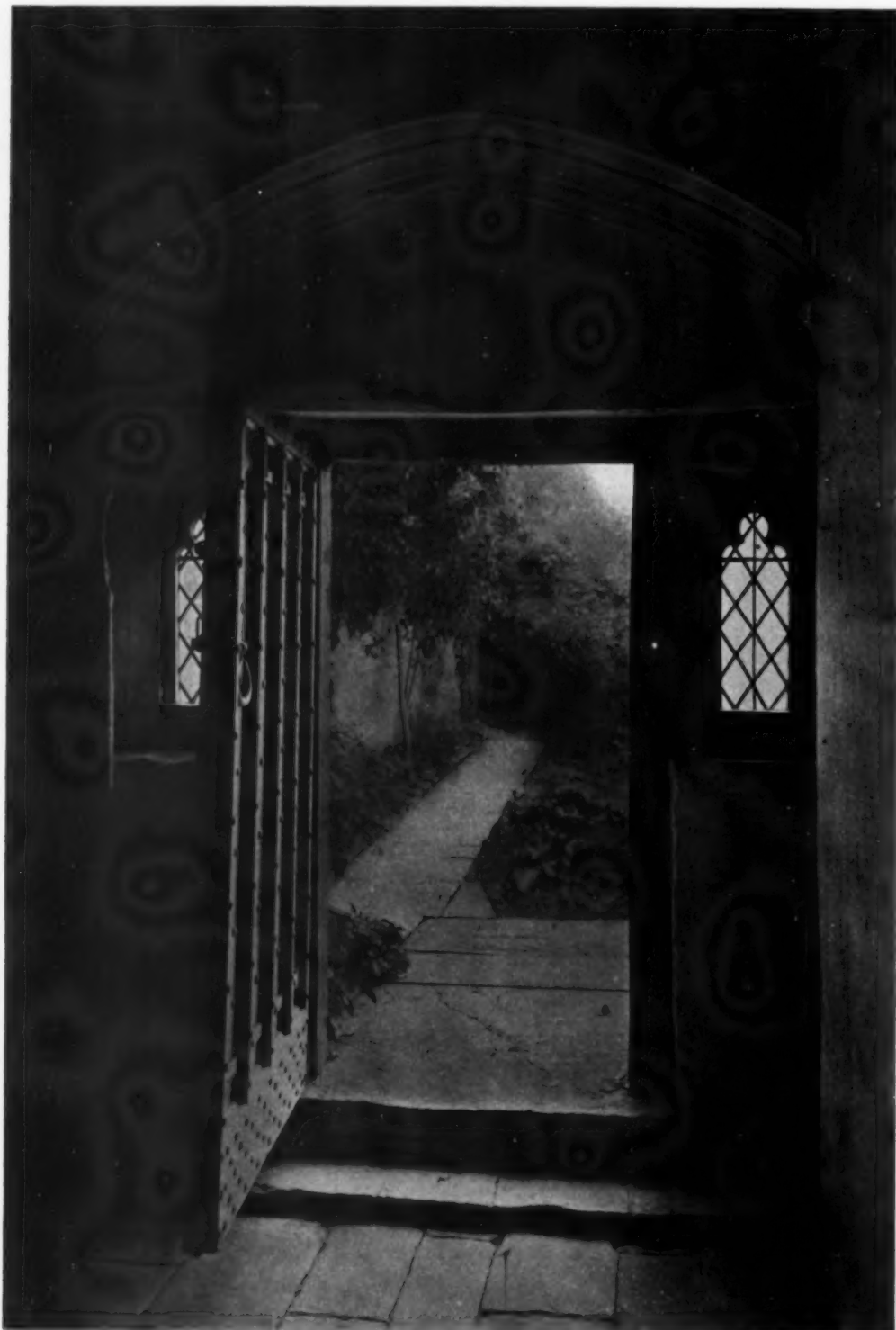
The watery if fertile level of Sedgemoor is occasionally broken by slight humps secure from flood, and therefore much favoured as places of habitation in early and troublous times.

roofed with the thinnest of thin blue slates, should scar this delightful composition.

Our best-known abbeys, such as Tintern and Fountains, are noticeable especially for the ample ruins of their great minsters, the remnants of the domestic buildings being few. That is true also of Somerset's greatest monastic house, for with the exception of the kitchen and the barn, nothing remains at Glastonbury but the noble remnants of its great church. But with Somerset's lesser houses of religion the opposite is notably the case. At Cleve the foundations of the minster barely show, but the refectory, scriptorium and dormitory retain not merely their walls but their roofs. At Montacute there is no trace of the priory church, but the priory buildings have largely survived as a lay habitation. Such, again, is the case at Ford, just beyond the county boundary, while at Muchelney it needed the diggings of 1873-74 to exactly locate the site of the monks' church (which, of course, was totally distinct from that of the parishioners), but a farmer still occupies what is left of their dwelling-place.

It was where an orchard now lies between the parish church and this farmhouse that stood the fane, some two hundred feet long, where the monks worshipped. Dug up remnants of the tiling of its floors, the bosses of its vaults and the tracery of its windows show that, as was usual, it was an aggregation of the succeeding phases of Gothic architecture; but no doubt here also its latest phase predominated, as it still does, in what we have left of the buildings that were grouped about its southern side. These, as the plan and the illustrations show, consist mainly of a portion of the south walk of the cloister, of a gabled building running out south from it and of a two-gabled building annexed to the west side of this one. The whole of the details tend to prove that all of this was erected within half a century of the dissolution of the monastery and some of it within a much shorter time of that disastrous event. In the latter category we must place the rich work of the southern gable and of the little annex to it containing the stairway, both being brought together by a battlemented parapet running right across. The two tall upper windows—transomed and traceried—are those of the abbot's parlour. Those below, without transoms but with the same tracery, light what must have been an ante-room

opening into the refectory through arches, but connected also by doorways with the cloister and with the abbot's staircase. The third window is that of this staircase, pushed out between the buttresses as a sort of bay, and still containing in its upper part bits of old glass painted in little geometric devices, with brown outline filled in with yellow much like that of which so much remains in the oriel window of the Commandery at Worcester. The excellent preservation of the window tracery and other detail work that has not been ill treated by men comes of the prevalent use here



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ARCHWAY FROM ANTE-ROOM TO REFECTORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Such was King Alfred's refuge at Athelney, which lies west of the hill ridge of which Langport occupies the end, and such was Muchelney—the "great island"—which lies south of it. Even a hundred years ago it was none too approachable at certain seasons, but now a straight roadway, raised above flood water, brings you to this little isolated community full of old-world flavour, of which the principal feature is the thoroughly mediæval group of parish church, village cross, priest's house and abbey remains, shaded by tall trees and bosomed in orchards. Sad it is that a pretentious villa-like new vicarage,





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DETAIL OF SOUTH FRONT FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the long-enduring Ham Hill stone. It is used not only in the detail work, but also largely in irregular bands in the walling, the other material being the cold grey-blue stone which gives an uninviting appearance to so many new buildings in the county, but is charming when employed as at Muchelney, in reticent association with the warmer, finer stone, and when age has spread over the whole a patina of silver grey lichen and a patterning of grey-green moss.

Entering through a little arched doorway on the south side of the west building, we find ourselves in the kitchens of the farmhouse, a great chimney-stack rising up between them. This, no doubt, is an intrusion of the lay occupants, for the tall, arched and traceried window, which, though built up, still appears high up in the gable of this building, suggests a lofty room or hall of even greater size and pretension than that which still

survives in an almost untouched condition directly north of it. North and west the room has ample mullioned windows, of which the lights have the depressed arch that became common in the fifteenth century and continued through Henry VIII.'s reign. The particular form used in the "cheese-room" implies a date prior to his accession, while those of the kitchen windows to the south have the character common to his later days.

Passing through the kitchens and across the foot of the stairway, where we may observe the tracery work not only of the window itself, but of its soffiting, we enter the refectory ante-room. Unfortunately, it is now divided into two, and an added chimney breast occupies the position of one of the two archways shown on the plan. The other has had a door inserted into it with little old trefoil-headed windows (evidently at some time gathered from the ruins) on

each side of it. Stepping through into what is now the garden, some idea may be obtained of both the structural and decorative scheme of the refectory. A vaulted roof must have rested on piers panelled out with tracery, and panelling of the same sort, all wrought in Ham Hill stone, decorated the spaces between the piers. This wall, which divided refectory from cloister, is nearly six feet thick, so that the doorway through it, connecting cloister and ante-room, is in the manner of a vaulted porch decorated in the same manner as was the refectory itself. The fine treatment of its doorways and openings and the massive dignity of its beam and rafter ceiling must have given to the ante-room an impressive, if simple, architectural character, and this could once again be given back to it by a little pulling away of modern partitions and adjuncts and a little careful repair. The cloister beyond is not in so hopeful a case. Only about one-half of its south walk remains, and that has had its vaulting destroyed and its open arcading filled in with rough masonry to adapt it for its present purpose of a cider cellar. But the tracery of the arcading still remains almost perfect, part buried in and part emerging from the rubble filling. This arcading consists of two arches that opened into the west walk of the cloister and four traceried windows looking out on to the garth. There are rooms above the cloister, and so, to carry weight and resist thrust, between the openings in the arcading was built a narrow buttress only ten inches wide, the projection of the lowest of the three stepped sections being three feet. The upper storey was lit partly by simple windows, such as those in the cheese-



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IN THE ABBOT'S PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

survives in an almost untouched condition directly north of it. It is now known as the "cheese room," and is somewhat dilapidated, but that is far better than if it had been modernised or "restored." Note the simple solidity of its oaken door frame made of three great baulks of wood pegged together and made light and interesting by the bold mouldings. The door, panelled out with applied ribs and studded with heavy iron nails, makes this feature a desirable model. Next to it is an equally valuable example of a late Gothic stone mantel-piece. The forward curve of its moulded architrave gives a slight suggestion of a hood to the tall panel above the arch, and the cornice, acting as a mantel-shelf, adds a finish none too common in survivals of this period. The ceiling is of deep oak beams richly moulded, forming large panels, each one subdivided into four lesser panels by

ribs that reproduce the same moulding on a small scale. This seems to imply that the upper part was not one long room, but divided up into several, and it is noticeable that that portion which has the traceried windows retains also a barrel roof, panelled out with oak ribs having leaves at the intersections. This room had doorways both on to the abbot's staircase and into the abbot's parlour, and no doubt formed part of his lodging. The stair is interesting as being not of the narrow newel form that remained common till Elizabeth's day, but consists of a straight flight of stone steps nearly six feet wide. At the top of the flight are two arched doorways, both nobly wrought. The principal one, with traceried soffiting like the window at the bottom, opened into the abbot's parlour, now, unfortunately, like the ante-room below, divided up. This, however, and the filling in of the fireplace and the frequent



whitewashing of its carved stonework, are pretty well all the evil that has befallen it, and could easily be remedied. That done, it would present a very complete and fine room of Henry VIII.'s time, in size about eighteen feet wide and thirty feet long. In its south wall are the two splendid windows of which the exterior aspect has already been admired. In the upper cinquefoil heads remain portions of ancient glass, showing crocketed canopies in blue, red and yellow, and giving some idea of the rich colouring that was associated with the sculpturing in wood and stone that is still preserved. Across the whole of the south end runs a settle in oak. The seats lift to form chests, of which the front panels are of simplest linen-fold, whereas the panels of the back are of a rather more elaborate model of the same device. The back is kept low where the windows occur, and yet high enough to have caused a small part of the windows to be filled in with stone below the glass. Between the windows and at the ends, the back of the settle rises into tall panels, above which is a frieze of pierced scrollwork most crisply carved. The settle has a return at each end, single-seated next the fireplace, but double-seated at the

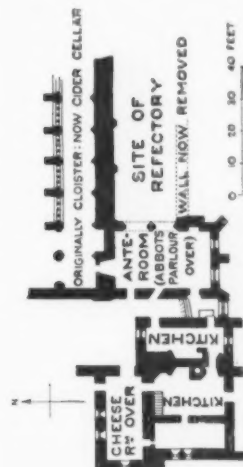


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THE STAIRCASE WINDOW.

other end, and there practically the only damage done to this admirable fixture appears—the pierced work is somewhat broken away at this point.

In a manner that foreshadowed a future manner rather than that of his own day



PLAN.

the builder of the room made his chimney-piece the centre of his decorative scheme. It is here that a little careful treatment would repay. The fire-arch might well be opened out again, and the tooling of the sculptured



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THE UPPER ROOM IN THE NORTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

work could once more be enjoyed if the many coatings of whitewash were removed. Since Tattersall was stripped of its mantel-pieces, we scarcely have any more delightful and perfect example of that date and kind than the one at Muchelney. The quatrefoil paneling above the fire-arch and the enriched frieze members above the panels are as excellent in design as skilful in execution. The cornice mouldings run round the angle shafts at each end, forming capitals to their lower section, while at the top of their upper part—that stops short a yard of the ceiling—a crouching lion stretches its length horizontally. This was



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THE WEST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

evidently a device loved by the builder, for it occurs on two of the buttresses of the south wall of this building. On the chimney-piece the lions are placed back to back, and their bodies and tails, without in any way meeting, project far enough to suggest the upper line of a panel. That panel is now a plain sheet of whitewash, but was no doubt originally used for colour decoration, either painted on the stone or in the form of tapestry hung upon it. Outside, the chimney itself rises up into an octagon shaft with a battlemented cap, all of which appears to be original. The other chimneys of the house are after-additions or later renewals.



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SOUTH WALK OF THE CLOISTER, NOW A CIDER CELLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



A good deal has been done lately to prevent this valuable remnant of late Gothic times from falling into ruin. It is fortunate that nothing but necessary repair was done when restoration and destruction were apt to be almost synonymous terms. It is, however, now a pity that the practical needs of carrying on the agriculture of the estate demand that this building should be used as an ordinary habitation, for it is certainly a sufficiently rare and valuable survival to be treated for all it is worth. It were well, indeed, that such of its rooms as retain intact all or most of their original features should be given their full value by the removal of later accretions and a conservative and delicate reparation where decay makes this structurally necessary. T.

## THEOPHILUS QUICK.

THE car was drawn up beside the strip of sward and close to the sign-post at the cross-roads by the end of the village. The owner of it had gone to look at a field that was for sale, and I walked up and down the high road keeping an eye upon the car. An individual looked over the hedge. Our appearance evidently interested him and he climbed a five-barred gate and came into the road. He was not more than sixty, but tall and bent. His face was round, fat and red as malt could colour it, with only a little frill of grizzled whisker reaching from ear to ear under his chin. His clothes were not so much humble as shabby, and they seemed to indicate that he had not got on in life. One divined that the field might be his—that it had long been mortgaged and was at last for sale. Suspicious of a stranger, he drew near with an air of loitering for some other purpose. He came closer and closer, fixed me with a bloodshot eye and enquired, in the hoarse whisper of a tragedian conspiring murder:

"Williams?"

"No. Not Williams."

"Granger?"

"Oh no. A stranger from a distance."

"I thought maybe 'twas the doctor. No harm to ask. No offence, I hope." He whispered a reason, based on the well-known expectation of a lady in the parish, which justified both the supposition and the solicitude, and changed the subject.

"Wonderful things!" He mournfully shook his head. His raised finger pointed to the car, and he gravely added, "They be so. They be."

Only a very profound reflection could be suitable to the occasion. "Yes. If our grandfathers could but come back and see, what would they do?"

He lifted both hands, raised his voice from the mysterious whisper and spoke with conviction, "Drop down dead to once here-right."

His aspect changed. His gloom departed, his eye brightened and he chuckled as he went on to explain: "Come to that, be dashed if the first railway train didn't kill poor Gramfer."

He revealed himself in another light. This was no mere malt-worm, but an alehouse oracle, esteemed good company wherever he went, and enemy to no man but himself. The rest of the conversation was a monologue.

"Ay, to be sure. The first billy-puffer in these parts carr'd poor Gramfer off to Heabem so straight's a gun-barrel. There's no two ways about that. He were but just turned four-score, and wonderful clear in his intellec' like. But all his life drough, Gramfer had a-been a most terr'ble sharp sprack



DOOR FROM ANTE-ROOM TO CLOISTER.

man. Oh! Gramfer were deep—deep as a well. He had a eye could look drough a brick wall an' see who 'twur a-turnen a grindstone 'pon t'other zide o' un. You nor no man couldn' get the better o' Gramfer in a deal. 'Twur his boast he hadn' never a-been a-sucked in drough all his life. An' such wonderful health all so well. Never sick nor sorry. An' sound as a bell o' brass, though up in years, as I've a-zaid. Ver'ly an' truly there wur nothen at all the matter wi' un like—nothen to hurt that anybeddy could spake o' or grumble about. To be zure, he hadn' a-been out o' doors for a twelvemonth; but then, he wur a'most two double as a hinge wi' the rheumatics. An' more 'an that, he wur subject to St. Antony's Fire. An' he had a girt knob come up, oh! so big as a poulet's egg or bigger—here, straight in the very middle of his forehead like—so he couldn' a-bear to put on his hat. So he couldn' very well get out about—besides, he had to wear a cloth shoe for his left foot because he couldn' endure the pinch of a boot. Still, there wur nothen at all the matter wi' Gramfer. If it hadn' a-been for they one or two little things he wur so right as you or I. For he'd sit there in the corner an' smoke his pipe, an' ate his victuals, an' drink his drink so bright an' merry an' proud as a dog wi' two tails like. An' really an'

truly the longer he did sit the wiser he did seem to get. For looky-see, though Gramfer couldn' rade, he had a-saved a bit o' money. Zo everybeddy did have to come an' tell un all they did do, all they did zee, an' all they did hearzay. An' in between like he did zit in his armchair an' stud an' ponder by the hour. An' 'twur Gramfer's great delight to think that he could not call to mind that he had ever a-been proper a-sucked in.

"To be sure everybeddy did their best to plase Gramfer. Four-score gran'children all but two, an' every one o' 'em desirous to catch the eye o' the old man. He had a field or two to leave, mind that. When the railway train wur a-mooted they did all run, head-vust, vull pelt to tell Gramfer. Oh dear! You should see Gramfer smile! When the navvies comed—oh dear! You should ha' zeed him laugh. But when they told un the train did really run—no hosses an' all of his own zelf like—'You be a liar,' zaid Gramfer, 'one an' all.'

"Ver'ly an' truly, though Gramfer wur wrong, 'twerden for want o' wisdom like. What he told 'em wur, that all his life drough he hadn' never a-been a-sucked in, an' they needn' to think they could have he 'pon a string because he had one voot in a cloth shoe. Though he couldn' run, that he must own, his mind wur all that the more nimble. Gramfer got most terr'ble angry 'bout it. They did try to convince un. Oh dear! 'What, wi'out hosses?' zez he. Why, 'twur 'You be a liar,' morn to night.

"Then one o' 'em—well, same name as myself—held in wi' Gramfer. He zaid he hadn' a-zeed no railroad, an' he shouldn' believe it till he did. Gramfer wur wonderful took up wi' that. He said there wur one o' 'em honest, an' he should bear un in mind, mind that. Oh dear! There wur a chackle, an' no mistake!

"Well, they zaid Gramfer mus' zee for his own zelf, else there was no knowen what he mid do. They zaid they mus' wait for haymaken an' pertend to haul un out to zee the swath, an' then drive t'other way an' show un the train. They 'greed they mustn' breathe a word, for fear Gramfer should be that clever he'd refuse to go.

"Well, they was a-haymaken down in mead. They persuade Gramfer he mus' ride down in the little waggon, chair an' all, an' rest a hour or so under the oak tree. He wur wonderful well pleased. 'Where be gwaine?' called out Gramfer at the four cross-roads. 'Only a little drive round, for ee to take the air, Gramfer.' They drove un miles an'

pulled by the bridge. 'That's the 'bankment, Gramfer.' Oh dear! Gramfer did stare. 'An' you'll zee the train, Gramfer.' An' sure 'nough that very minute the train comed in view, a-snorten an' a-panken up the hill.

"Gramfer never let fall so much as a word. They did sort o' feel sorry for the wold man, too, he did stare so vacant like. They seemed to think, that, in his heart like, Gramfer did sort o' 'cuse hisself, as if he did feel that in the end he had really an' truly a-sucked in his own zelf. So they-hauled un home steady an' put un to bed

"Gramfer never got up no more. Afore morning he had a-passed away quiet in his sleep. Oh dear! But he had

a-managed to put a codicil to his will, by Job, an' leaved a field to the young man same name as myself. Though never done un much good that ever I could see."

The old boy chuckled anew, but stopped as he saw a stranger come into the road.

"Can you kindly tell me where Mr. Theophilus Quick lives?"

"I do answer to Theophilus Quick."

"Then that must be your field I have walked across to see."

"Well, do go in my name," replied Theophilus Quick, and chuckled more than ever.

WALTER RAYMOND.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE HARDY FLOWER BORDER.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THERE is frequent complaint among horticultural amateurs to the effect that they cannot keep borders of hardy flowers well furnished with bloom throughout the summer. But in an ordinary garden it is quite unreasonable to expect that this can be done. It can only be done where there are the means of having large reserves of material that can be planted or plunged in the borders to take the place of plants gone out of bloom. Owners of gardens should clearly understand that this is so—acceptance of the fact would save them from much fruitless effort and inevitable disappointment. If a really good display is desired, it can only be conveniently done by restricting the season to a certain number of weeks—by devoting separate borders or other garden spaces to a definite time of year. If a border is planted so as to show a good garden picture through July, August and September, it will be quite as much as can be expected, and even then some dropping in of pot plants will be needed. But it stands to reason that the shorter the time in which the border is required to be ornamental, the better it can be done; and if a garden lends itself to plantings of season by season, or can be so arranged that such plantings can be carried out, there will

then, throughout the summer, always be some one place that shows a complete and satisfactory garden picture, while the one that is to come next is showing early promise.

The earliest of the season gardens will be for April and early May; the one next to follow for May and June. Then will come the main display for July, August and September. If there may be besides a special border or double border for August and another for September, and even one for October, there will be a succession of seasonable displays, each one of which may be made perfect of its kind. Every border should be carefully considered for colour effect. Without such preparatory care the result will be a mere jumble, of no value to the cultivated eye. For a border of some length it is found best to keep the ends cool in colouring, with a large amount of grey foliage, and to approach the middle through flowers and foliage of increasingly warm colour, with a gorgeous climax of strong reds nearly midway in the length. Thus, taking the July to September border month by month, one end in July—to name some of the more important flowers—would have Delphinium, white Lily, white Foxglove and Eryngium, with foamy masses of the bushy Clematis recta and white Tree Lupine, passing to the pale yellow of Thalictrum, Mullein, the tall *Oenothera* and the pale yellow Day Lily; then onwards in strength of colour to *Alstrœmeria*, orange Day Lily and the fine *Lilium croceum* to the scarlet of



Munro.

A CARPET OF SNOWDROPS.

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*Lychnis chalcedonica*. The sequence of colour would then again proceed by orange and yellow to the far end, where there would be *Galega* white and purple, *Chrysanthemum maximum*, the tall white *Campanulas macrantha* and *persicifolia* and white Everlasting Pea, with the splendid purple of *Campanula macrocarpa* and the noble Crane's-bill, *Geranium ibericum*. These will be followed in August by *Anemone japonica*, white and pink; *Echinops*, *Erigeron*, *Gypsophila*, *Lilium longiflorum* at the cool ends, and *Hollyhock*, *Helenium*, *Pentstemon*, red *Phlox*, etc., in the middle. September would bring the further succession of the blaze of *Dahlia*, *Gladiolus*, *Tritoma*, *Helianthus* and *Canna* for the middle glory, and *Clematis Flammula*, white *Dahlia*, *Hydrangea* and the earlier Michaelmas Daisies at the cool-coloured ends. Only the more important of the hardy plants have been named, but besides these and others there will be a wealth of the best half-hardy annuals—dwarf *Tropæolums*, African Marigolds, annual Sunflowers, Stocks, China Asters, and a good selection from the hosts of beautiful Snapdragons that are so easily raised and that last so long in bloom.

Although the main occupants of the border are hardy plants, there is no reason why the best of the so-called bedding plants should not also have a place, especially as their blooming-time is that of the late summer and early autumn. Therefore we shall look to *Geraniums*, *Calceolarias*, *Salvias*, *Gazanias* and *Heliotrope* to take their places, according to their colourings, in and near the front of the border.

There is one matter that is commonly overlooked, but that makes all the difference between a border that is to be a picture of good colouring and one of lesser value. This is the provision of what may be called "between" plants. For masses of colour, even if arranged in quite a good sequence, are only truly pictorial if between and among the colour groups there are other masses or accompaniments of neutral colouring. Some of the groups out of flower and the shadowy places under overhanging plants will of themselves do something, but more than this is needed. Especially among the plants of tender colouring there should be a rather full planting of grey foliage, such as *Rosemary*, *Lavender*, *Rue*, *Phlomis*, *Lyme Grass*, *Clematis recta* (out of flower), and, towards the front, *Lavender Cotton*, *Catmint*, *Stachys* and *Pinks*. The effect of the plants of white and tender colouring is greatly enhanced by such a setting, while, when the border is surveyed as a whole, the advantage is quite unmistakable. Even with the permanent perennials, the bedding plants and the annuals, a border is apt, here and there, to show a place that might be better furnished. To remedy this it is well to have some plants in pots in reserve—*Hydrangeas*, *Lilium longiflorum*, *Lilium auratum* and *Campanula pyramidalis* are among the most useful—ready to drop in where they will make the best effect. No means should be neglected or despised that will make the border handsome and effective, and all such ways of doing it are so many spurs to further beneficent inventiveness. Sometimes the group of warm colouring may seem to overbalance the rest or to be too large or monotonous. In such a case a group of three or four pots of *Lilium longiflorum* dropped in between the growing plants will put new life into it. For though it is undoubtedly best to treat flower-borders with consecutive

harmonies, yet the garden artist will know when and where to make the exception.

Staking will have to be done with great care and in good time. If a plant that will require support is left too late, its whole form may be lost or distorted. Everyone knows the unhappy appearance of a Michaelmas Daisy whose flowering shoots are gathered together at the last moment and bunched up to one stick; whereas it should have been carefully staked in June with several pieces of branching spray, so that the plant, while amply supported, could grow outwards in all directions in its natural manner. The large-flowered Clematises, so useful for training at the backs of borders, through and over other plants, require constant watching and regulating. There is no day in the blooming life of the late summer border, or indeed of any other, when it does not need close watching and some kind of tending. Many people think that to have a good border of summer flowers is an easy thing; whereas to have it well done so as to show a continual picture of plant beauty, even for three months, is one of the most difficult of horticultural feats.

#### PLANTING HOLLY.

THE early half of April is generally considered to be the best time of the whole year for planting Holly, as well as many other evergreen trees and shrubs. Owing to the fact that they retain their leafage all the year round, and consequently have not so well defined a season of rest as those of a deciduous character, evergreens are not so easily transplanted with success. The reason for planting so late in spring is that by then the soil has, to some extent, recovered from the cold of winter, and such shrubs as Holly are just commencing active growth; consequently new roots which grip the fresh soil are quickly made, and the shrubs receive the least possible check. If they were transplanted in late autumn or winter, the roots would remain more or less dormant until the spring, and by that time, owing to the moisture given off by the foliage, the shrubs would be very much exhausted, if not killed outright. When transplanting in April we must remember to syringe evergreen shrubs overhead during bright, dry weather, and this should be continued for several weeks. It tends to prevent transpiration, and so counterbalances to some extent the check the roots have received.

#### TWO INTERESTING ROSES.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, two Roses of more than usual interest were exhibited, and, strangely enough, one was a new variety and the other an old one. The new-comer was named *Rose Queen*, and might well be described as a glorified *Lady Ashtown*, the blossoms resembling very much, both in form and colour, that exquisite variety. The chief point about them, however, was their fulness and good texture, points that are not often met with in Roses that can be successfully grown to flower early under glass. The beautiful soft rose pink and exquisite form of the flowers of *Rose Queen* will endear it to the hearts of many. The old variety that created considerable interest was *Fortune's Yellow*, a *Noisette Rose* which is, unfortunately, not hardy enough to do well outdoors in this country, except in the most favoured localities. Nor is it one of the easiest to grow under glass; yet when its long, pendulous branches of ochre yellow blossoms are obtained, they are worth all the trouble that is entailed in their cultivation. It is only on comparatively rare occasions that this Rose is exhibited. H.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### SNOWDROPS.

SIR,—I venture to send you a photograph of Snowdrops growing wild in a wood here, in case you may think it worthy of a place in your paper.—J. A. STEWART MACKENZIE (Colonel), Brahan Castle, Conon Bridge, Ross-shire.

[We are extremely obliged for the beautiful photograph, which we show on the opposite page.—ED.]

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE interest of the *Reminiscences* (Cassell) of Mr. James Stuart lies in the vivid picture they furnish of Scotland fifty or sixty years ago. Mr. Stuart has not given much material of a personal character, although his career might have furnished facts enough of this kind. Outside his University and business career he is chiefly known as having been Member of Parliament for various constituencies and Lord Rector of St. Andrew's from 1898 to 1901. But he has confined his memories in great part to his life at Balgonie, St. Andrews and Cambridge. Probably the best explanation of this is that a great part of the *Reminiscences* was written before any idea of printing them suggested itself, and that at first they were only printed for private circulation. From all this they gain much in intimacy, though they may lose a little in regard to logical narrative. Mr. Stuart, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the book, is a very fine type of the country Scot of a very cultivated order. Whim is written on every line of his clever face. And so it happens that he is discursive and anecdotal in style. On the very first page he gives us the following little anecdote, and it is typical of many that follow:

My next recollection is of another servant, called Rebecca. She drank, but I didn't know it. One time she appeared with a black eye, and said she

had come against the key in her mother's door, and I said, "Becky, how could the key have got so high up?" and I pressed the point. I remember being dissatisfied with her evasive answers.

The figures in his story of his early life are to a great extent servants and village tradesmen. Most of them in those days were in the habit of getting very fou, if not all the year round, at any rate during New Year time. The average house at Balgonie consisted of two rooms—a but and a ben. "The stickin' o' the soo" was an annual event of the greatest importance. The arrangement of the cottar's house was as follows:

There were two beds in the but (the kitchen), and two beds in the ben (the best room). They were all what are called "close beds," that is, shut in with doors, and in one of them there was a little window, but it was fixed in, a single pane of very thick glass, and did not open. I never was upstairs, so I don't know what it was like. In the kitchen the grate was merely a number of vertical bars built in with brick, but in one of the jambs there was a great cavity in which the salt was kept. This was to keep it dry. It had a swinging wooden door, and the opening into it was round. I used to be allowed, as a great favour, to put my hand in, and bring it out full of salt for the dinner. It was very yellow coloured, and came from Leven, where it was made out of the salt water from the sea. The kitchen had a sanded floor made of brick. The best room was never used except to sleep in.

The women of those days, just as in the time of Robert Burns, shore at harvest, and one of Mr. Stuart's early friends recorded in a book the number of sheaves which she had cut

down. Many examples are given of the canny Scottish ways. Here, for instance, is one of a coachman :

Willie Watson was very sober and "douce." I remember one day we passed a respectably dressed man lying in the ditch at the side of the road asleep—drunk, of course. Willie said, "Aye, I wudna like to lie that way." "Why not, Willie?" said I. Children always force things to a definiteness. His reply was, "For fear of vermin creepin' into my mou'."

Beside this example of Scotch "doucefness" we must place the following example of Scotch "wut" :

My mother once told Becky Stewart (unless I have mistaken her for some other old lady) that she (my mother) intended to buy a pig. "Oh, Mrs. Stuart," said Becky, "I hope it'll no be a Gadarene." She explained to my mother that she had herself purchased some time previously a pig that turned out to be, as she said, a Gadarene, "an' ae day it ran oot o' the sty, an' ran down to the bottom o' the kail-yard (vegetable garden), an' it gae a bit wallop (a flop), an' whether it gaed up, or whether it gaed down, I couldna' say, but I never saw it again."

Nothing illustrates the change of atmosphere that has taken place more brilliantly than the alteration in the popular songs of the day. Mr. James Stuart remembers at rustic gatherings such songs as :

Hie, Johnnie Cope, are you wauking yet,  
Or are your drums a'beating yet?  
For I'll learn ye the art of war  
When ye gang to the coals in the morning.

Jacobite songs were in the very air :

Will ye no' come back again?  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be.  
Will ye no' come back again?

Others were :

Cam you by Athole, lad with the philabeg,  
Down by the Tummel, and banks o' the Garry?  
Saw ye my lad, with his bonnet and white cockade,  
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

A wee bird cam' to oor ha' door,  
He warbled sweet and clearly,  
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

Oh, Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Oh, Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

Songs not Jacobite that were familiar in his childhood were :

Oh, whaur, tell me whaur  
Has my Hie'land laddie gone?  
Green grow the rushes, oh!  
Green grow the rushes, oh!  
But the sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
Were spent amon' the lasses, oh!

There was an auld wife had a wee puckle tow  
High ho! the spinnin' o't,  
The rock and the tow, they gaed up in a low,  
And that was a weary beginnin' o't.

Nothing to our mind is more deplorable than the change that has taken place from these fine songs to the music-hall ditties popular to-day. One has only to try to imagine the difference on the impressionable mind of a child between listening to songs, full of humour and pathos and high romance and loyalty and zeal, and being taught from infancy the songs of the most popular music-hall "artist" of to-day.

This life at Balgonie must possess to many greater interest than anything else in the book; but the chapter headed "At School" (school being Madras Academy, St. Andrews) is also full of suggestions to those who remember an older and, perhaps, a better Scotland. On almost every page one comes upon some lore specially connected with the Scots. Thus, in one sentence, we are referred to a legend that forty dozen of port were drunk at his great-grandfather's wedding; and in the next there is a reference to the bride on that occasion being the daughter of Robert Doig, at one time Deacon of the Nine Trades. On this Mr. Stuart makes the comment :

I do not know what the nine trades were, but I remember that buckle makers, bonnet makers (that is, the makers of men's caps), weavers, and above all glove makers were four of them—for there was a saying which my grandmother used to quote :

Perth for a shoe,  
Dundee for a glove (glove)  
And Edinbro' for a good bottle of ale.

The three lines serve to show how greatly the circumstances of these towns have changed. That Perth had been famous for shoes is corroborated by a song of my childhood :

There was a wedding in Dunbar,  
Souters (shoe-makers) they cam' frae afar,  
Souters cam' from all the earth,  
Souters cam' from out o' Perth,

showing evidently the cobbling pre-eminence of Perth.

A little further on in the book he gives another interesting rhyme about occupations :

The Writers (solicitors) of Forfar,  
The Websters (weavers) of Kirriemuir,  
The Beggars of Benshie,  
And the Cairds (robbers) of Little Lure.

When he goes to Cambridge and recites the incidents of his life as an undergraduate, this savour of the soil is to a large extent lost; but yet Mr. Stuart is always readable, and we can recommend the book to all lovers of whimsical, philosophic gossip.

## NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

**The Snake**, by F. Inglis Powell. (The Bodley Head.)

THERE is a curious fascination in stories of the order of *The Snake*. Centred as it is about a superstition which is woven into the web of the peasant-life of a great nation, and half scoffed at and half accepted by that nation's more enlightened intellect, it gains considerably when set side by side with the average imaginary "horror" of fiction. The snake of Mr. Inglis' well-told and thoroughly entertaining story is a giant cobra that terrorises the neighbourhood round about the indigo factory of one Ashton Kaye. Kaye, with his wife and child, come out to India and settle in the Mhowagunge district about twenty years precedent to the great Sepoy Mutiny. The child, Diana, given over to the care of an ayah, an outcast Rajput woman, is, without her parents' knowledge, initiated into the superstitions and beliefs of the country-side. Though later some realisation of the necessity of her being sent home to England comes the pair, it is already too late. A reserved, cold and seemingly undemonstrative girl, she eventually rejoins her parents in India, only, however, to fall at once violently in love with John Derring, the lover of her cousin Isa, who has been adopted by the Kayes. Her desire is to win Derring at all costs, and in order to do so, she, under the influence of a superstitious belief in the gods of the Rajput woman, her old ayah, surrenders her will to the Aghorri, Maitoo, for whom the ayah was outcasted. Through him Diana is promised Derring's love, though Maitoo has cause to hate Ashton Kaye. The story which follows is a gruesome one, saturated with the spirit of the East, its glamour and mystery. Once begun, it will not easily be laid aside.

**The Visioning**, by Susan Glaspell. (John Murray.)

MISS SUSAN GLASPELL is a writer of decided gifts; she has imagination, intuition and wit, as will readily be allowed by the reader who is fortunate enough to open *The Visioning*, an admirably written and spontaneous piece of work. The story comes from the other side of the Atlantic. It turns on the big impulse of a generous nature to thrust out a helping hand full of gifts to one on the brink of self-destruction. Katherine Wayneworth Jones, an "army girl," and bred up in all the traditions the significant term covers, saves from suicide an unknown young woman, whom she shrewdly suspects to be one of the company of "Daisy-Maisey" girls who are playing in the neighbourhood. By a fortunate chance Katherine is enabled to extend her hospitality to the unhappy being she has rescued, and that without disclosing the truth to her brother whom she is visiting. Eventually presenting her protégée with clothes, a history, and even a name, she introduces her to her new environment as a friend she has once known. The creation and launching of Ann Forrest is an experiment fraught with dangers; these begin to present themselves almost immediately to her sponsor, but she is not intimidated by them, and gallantly she rises to the occasion. As may be readily surmised, complications ensue. Ann, pathetic, lovely, defiant, piteous, becomes an enigma, and then too heavy a responsibility. Katherine, though straight as a die and lovable to boot, persuaded, too, that she is equal to any emergency, fails Ann in the hour of her necessity. Ann leaves the island, but not before she has set in motion innumerable strange, enlightening doubts of their own conventional outlook in the minds of brother and sister. These questions and deductions of Miss Glaspell's characters leave the reader thoughtful; they are informed by a keen intelligence and are worth consideration.

**A Three-cornered Duel**, by Beatrice Kelston. (John Long.)

THE first conclusion impressed upon the reader of *A Three-cornered Duel* is that its author is young. There is a naive simplicity in the central idea of the story, which is itself worked out on the lines of its conception. Still, there is a certain charm in the principal heroine, who, quite obviously, has the heart of the author. There is always a weakness at the back of one's mind for two men or two women—preferably twins—with a striking likeness to each other. The imagination revels in the possibilities of mistaken identity promised in such a case. Miss Beatrice Kelston has made use of this idea in her novel, a first one; and those who like a love-story with complications should spend an hour or two with Betty and Phyllis Cavanagh, twins, who figure with Paul Kennedy, a promising author, in the three-cornered duel of love.

**In Cotton Wool**, by W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson and Co.)

"IN COTTON WOOL" is clever. It is also, for some reason, sordid. It would be difficult to say how this impression is conveyed; but that it is conveyed is undeniable. Possibly it is sordid because, though Lenny Calcraft and his friends are more or less people in comfortable circumstances, the human environment Mr. W. B. Maxwell has so faithfully and mercilessly exposed in this novel has so limited a range of spiritual flight. Lenny Calcraft himself is an ordinary individual enough. Devoted to his father, a half-senile invalid, who spends the best part of his time in bullying his son, Lenny has already, at our initial meeting with him, sacrificed his first youth, and, good naturedly and not so very unwillingly, various nebulous aspirations after a career. Vain, purposeless, occasionally woundingly conscious of the aimlessness of his cotton-wool existence, he allows his gradually weakening desires and ideals to be swept along by the tide of unresisted circumstance. He is not allowed to deteriorate without warning, however. It is the elder Calcraft who, rousing himself from selfish lethargy to a temporary waspish truth-telling, stings his son's self-complacency and scatters his sophistries by indulgence in a storm of ill-considered gibes. Lenny takes serious umbrage; for the moment it would appear he may seize a last



chance of asserting his manhood; but it is too late. He compromises the position, pockets his pride, and accepts as a victory his own defeat. It is the beginning of the end; and, when the elder Calcraft dies, Lenny is discovered by everyone but himself to be the husk of a man. Now he begins, or would seem to begin, to live his own life; and a sorry thing he makes of it. The woman he loves, the woman who loves him, the few friends he possesses, his own better self—each in turn is betrayed. At the close we are face to face with an imbecile, whose end has been foreshadowed from the story's opening with an inevitability and artistic truth which, while it demands and wins our admiration, at the same time leaves us cold.

[NOTICES OF APRIL MAGAZINES APPEAR ON PAGE 11\*.]

## MUSEUM NORMANIANUM.

**S**TUDENTS of marine zoology all over the world will be interested in the announcement that the famous collection of Canon A. M. Norman, F.R.S., has been transferred to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where it forms one of the most important additions received by the zoological department for many years past. The collection comprises the invertebrate animals of all classes belonging to the fauna of the Arctic circumpolar seas and the North Atlantic, north of Lat. 35deg. N., together with the land and fresh-water mollusca and crustacea of Europe and Northern Asia.

A large proportion of the specimens have been collected by Canon Norman himself. His dredging expeditions have extended not only to all parts of the British seas, from the Shetlands to the Channel Islands and from the coast of Northumberland to Connemara, but also as far afield as Northern Finmark, Madeira and Naples. From all these regions a rich harvest of rare and interesting animals has been gathered, and the collection comprises the "type specimens" of numerous new species that have been described by their discoverer. Many specimens from the deep sea obtained by Government expeditions, such as those of the Lightning, Porcupine and Valorous, and entrusted to Canon Norman for investigation, are in the collection, as well as a number from the French Travailleur expedition to the Bay of Biscay in 1880, in which he took part by special invitation of the French authorities.

Not less important are the additions that have been received from correspondents at home and abroad. Few naturalists of the past half-century who have devoted themselves to the study of any group of invertebrates from northern seas have not found it necessary, at some time or other, to draw upon the rich stores of this collection, or to seek the counsel of its learned and genial owner. The friendly relations thus established have resulted in the acquisition of precious series of "types" and "co-types," the

value of which to the national collection can hardly be over-estimated. Every student of crustacea, for instance, will appreciate the importance of being able to compare his specimens with those originally determined by such authorities as Spence Bate, G. O. Sars, Lilljeborg, Lovén, H. J. Hansen, Budde-Lund and S. I. Smith, to mention only a few of the well-known names that one finds on the labels.

The portion of the collection which will perhaps be of most interest to the majority of amateur naturalists is that comprising the mollusca. The series of British shells is probably the most complete existing in this country, and many of the specimens are unique as regards size and condition, while the long sets of the commoner species illustrate in the most striking fashion their variations and geographical distribution. The crustacea, if less attractive to the uninitiated, are no less important and valuable. The collection is especially rich in Arctic species, and the "creeping things innumerable" that swarm in the ice-cold waters of the North are represented on a scale that is only surpassed, if at all, in the great Zoological Museum at Copenhagen. The economic importance of crustacea as food of fishes has attracted much attention to them on the part of those engaged in fishery investigations, and it is to be anticipated that the Norman Collection will be of great value in the future, as it has been in the past, in connection with this branch of research.

The process of taking stock of this vast collection will, of course, be a lengthy one, and, until it is completed, it is impossible to state precisely the number of specimens it contains or of the species that they represent. Some idea of its extent may, however, be gained from the following approximate numbers. Of mollusca there are over seven thousand glass-topped boxes containing shells, and nearly one thousand bottles and tubes of specimens in spirit. The crustacea are contained in some seven thousand five hundred bottles and tubes, and there are over five thousand five hundred microscopic preparations of animals belonging to this class. The starfishes, sea-urchins and the like (Echinodermata), the worms, sea-mats (Polyzoa), zoophytes and corals (Cœlenterata) and the minute shells of the Foraminifera add several thousands to the total. In 1895 Canon Norman estimated that his entire collection comprised over ten thousand named species and varieties, and the number has been very considerably increased since that date.

Canon Norman's many friends, while regretting that the burden of advancing years and failing health has induced him to relinquish to other hands the care of his cherished collections, will be glad to learn that he is still actively interested in, and working at, his favourite studies. He may rest assured that the naturalists of a younger generation will value as he has valued, and use as he would have them use, the treasures of the Museum Normanianum.

W. T. CALMAN.

## RACING NOTES.

**L**AST week it chanced that the day before the race for the Lincolnshire Handicap I foregathered with two friends, both considered, and with reason, to be expert judges of form and shrewd critics of racing and horses. Naturally, we began to reckon up the respective chances of some of the Lincoln runners. All three of us knew something about Uncle Pat and Warfare, so we left them out of our calculations for the time being, and Long Set came up for consideration. "I don't think he has any chance at all; he's got a lot the worst of the weights with several that are pretty sure to beat him"; that was the opinion of No. 1. "I'm not so sure of that," said No. 2; "he won the Cambridgeshire in a canter, and I've

always got a great respect for the Cambridgeshire form at Lincoln. I know, too, that he wasn't fit when he won the Cambridgeshire, and, as a matter of fact, I've backed him

now." As for myself, I must confess that I did not see how he was to beat Moscato, let alone one or two others, seeing that on the Ascot running he seemed to have about 14lb. the worst of the weights with Mr. Singer's horse, and, moreover, wrongly as events have proved, I had always looked upon Long Set's Cambridgeshire as being more or less of a "fluke." Mr. S. Joel's French-bred colt has, by the way, had rather a curious career in this country, for after having been bought for 500 guineas out of a selling race at Lincoln in 1910, he ran



W. A. Rouch.

JERRY M., WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

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THE OPEN DITCH—FIRST TIME ROUND.

unplaced in the Doveridge Handicap at Warwick in March last year. In June he finished second (receiving 4lb.) to Moscato in the Royal Hunt Cup, was unplaced in his next two races, then came out and won the Doncaster Handicap carrying 8st. 3lb., was down the course when carrying 7st. 11lb. in the Duke of York Stakes, and then with 6st. 12lb. ran away with the Cambridgeshire Stakes. What he did in the Lincolnshire Handicap last week we know; and though, no doubt, he has thriven and profited well under Batho's care, and is, for all that I know to the contrary, a really good horse now, the ex-plater will probably find himself pretty well taken care of by the handicappers in future. There was probably considerable merit in his Lincoln performance, for both Uncle Pat and Warfare, respectively second and third, had, I have reason to believe, been well tried at home. It is, indeed, probable that in the handling of a stronger jockey, Warfare would have finished nearer up to Mr. S. Joel's colt, for good though he is for his weight, little Longhurst—or any other feather-weight rider—can hardly make the most of so strong and resolute a colt as the son of Valiant and Tar Baby. What Hornet's Beauty might have done must for the time being remain an unknown quantity, for it was his misfortune to sprain the muscles of his shoulder at exercise the day before the race, an accident the more to be regretted because in a most openly and sportingly conducted trial the week before he had shown himself to be thoroughly well and apparently quite in his best form. In the Tathwell Auction Stakes we saw the first batch of this year's two year olds. A moderate lot they were, too; and beyond noting that the winner, a nicely-bred colt by Polymelus out of Seradona (5), by Donovan, and the Puff Ball filly (3), may win another race or two in the early part of the season, I do not know that we need bother much more about them. Lord Derby's filly, by Llangibby out of a mare by St. Simon out of Pace Egger 7, winner of the Sudbrook Selling Plate on the second day of the Lincoln Meeting, might develop into a stayer, and, at all events, seems cheap enough at the 450 guineas given for her by Lord Carnarvon. There are, I fancy, some useful two year olds in Mr. T. Robinson's stable at Foxhill, and one of them, Mossvale, was evidently expected to win the Lincoln Plate. He would have done so but for Mr. H. T. Fenwick's filly, by Joe Chamberlain out

of Fairy Footstep, who beat him by a length, and will, I expect, earn other winning brackets before the season is much further advanced. Still on the look-out for promising two year olds, we come to Polonium, the winner of the Brocklesby. It was a pleasure to see the manner in which the colt, apparently beaten, pulled himself together and won the race directly Maher asked him for an effort. The two or three strides that gave him the race were "put in" with a will, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild would have been especially pleased—I am not sure whether he was there—seeing that this is the first of Radium's stock that has carried silk. The colt is not a big one, but in some respects he takes a good deal after his sire—what a good horse he was when well!—and is, by the way, a very well-bred youngster indeed. Radium (3) is by Bend Or (1) out of Taia (3), by Donovan (7), by Galopin (3); and Gelatine (10), dam of Polonium, is by Galopin, so that Polonium is inbred to the Duke of Portland's famous winner of the Derby of 1875. It may, too, be of interest to point out that from a Bruce Lowe point of view the combination of which Polonium is the result is the same as that which produced Bayardo, by Bay Ronald (3) out of Galicia 10.

The Aintree fences got terribly in the way of the runners for the Stanley Steeplechase on Thursday. Five out of the six fell in the course of the two and a-quarter mile gallop; and the one that stood up—The Dwarf II.—was so completely exhausted with his efforts that the remounted Twelfth Lancer (late Blue Hussar) was able to overhaul and beat him by half a length. Condition had as much as anything to do with the victory of Subterranean in the Liverpool Spring Cup, not forgetting the excellent riding of Huxley; and as regards the majority of the other runners it may be said, I think, that their running in this race will prove an unreliable guide in the future. Had Lomond been saddled for the Union Jack Stakes, we should, at all events, have been able to

get a very shrewd notion of the value of the pretensions of Mr. C. E. Howard's colt England to rank as a possible winner of the Derby. As it is, all that we know is that England is well, and that he beat a lot of moderate horses very easily. Just for a moment Higgs had to remind him to attend to business, but that was all, and as soon as he realised what he had to do, he did it. As far as looks are concerned, he is a nicely-balanced, smoothly-turned



CAUBEEN LEADS AT THE WATER JUMP.



colt, with a good serviceable set of limbs. Nor is he wanting in quality; a little more heart room he might have with advantage; but, take him all round, he is a good sort of colt, and if not a big one, is quite big enough. There is, by the way, the possibility—I wish I could say the probability—that he, Lomond and White Star might meet in the Newmarket Stakes; and that would be a race worth going a long way to see. I do not know, by the way, that the best of them would not have to gallop in earnest to beat Mr. W. Chatterton's colt *Etheric*, winner of the West Derby Stakes; but, unfortunately, this good colt—I cannot help thinking he is a good one—has few engagements and can take no part in any of the classic races. He is by *Littleton* out of *Ethereal 2*, by *Marcion 16*, and has grown and furnished into a fine commanding colt of good class. His sire *Littleton* is by *Rightaway 11* (by *Wisdom 7*) out of *Jenny Geddes* (own sister to *Gallop Lad*), by *Galopin (3)* out of *Braw Lass 13*, by *See Saw 6*.

What will win the Grand National? was, of course, the all-absorbing topic on Friday morning. *Jenkinson* had, so it was said, pulled up lame after an exercise gallop, and would not run; but the rumour was false, for Mr. S. W. Blundell's recent purchase was in the paddock, and looking very well into the bargain. So, too, was *Jerry M.*, upon whose perfect condition his trainer, *Gore*, was much to be congratulated. So well, indeed, did the big horse look that lots of people refused to bother themselves any more in the search for the winner; and they were wise in their choice, too, for when it came to racing, *Sir C. Assheton-Smith's* good chaser, revelling in his task and admirably ridden by *Piggott*, outstayed and outjumped all his opponents, winning with consummate ease and pulling up without showing the smallest sign of distress. *Rathnally*, from whom so much was expected, came a regular purler at the third fence after shaping very badly at the two preceding ones; and, curiously enough, at the same fence *Glen-side*, winner of the race last year, if race it could be called, came to grief. *Ballyhackle*, possibly a source of danger even to *Jerry M.*, from whom he was receiving 28lb., came down at the Canal turn when going strong and well in the second round, and it was not altogether his fault either, for he was recovering from a peck on landing when one of the oncoming horses—*Axle Pin*, I think it was—gave him a bump that completed the disaster. *Jenkinson*



THE WINNER ON TOP AT THE OPEN DITCH.

injured himself on landing over the fence before "*Becher's*," and four fences from home *Caubeen* was knocked down. But the broad fact remains that, amid the most enthusiastic cheering ever heard at *Aintree*, *Jerry M.* did win the race, and that after a magnificent exhibition of bold, clean fencing.

Well, too, he de-

served the reception he got when he returned to scale, for no more honest chaser ever looked through a bridle. The race was not a very fast one, the time taken by *Jerry M.* to gallop the four miles and a-half—10min. 11 3-5sec.—comparing none too favourably with the averages of 9min. 47sec. for the last few years. But it must not be forgotten that *Sir C. Assheton-Smith's* good horse was carrying 12st. 7lb., nor that *Piggott* never attempted to drive him along. I had almost forgotten to mention that *Sir E. Schiff's* filly, *Bonnie Bird*, by *Missel Thrush* out of *Vortex*, winner of the *Sefton Park Plate*, is probably the best two year old yet seen out. What the strength of her competitors was I do not know, but whatever it was, they were quite incapable of extending the very speedy half-sister to *All Black*.

TRENTON.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### DAIRIES AND HOUSES.

It is expected that in the Dairy Bill which has been promised by Mr. John Burns there will be very exact regulations affecting the relative position of the farmhouse and the dairy. The ideal arrangement is that there should be a passage between the two, so that there is no possibility whatever of germs being transmitted from the kitchen to the dairy; but, failing that, the purpose would be served by having a stout wall between, with no opening from one part of the place to another. Even this would necessitate a very considerable change in many dairy farmsteads. A very common arrangement is for the dairy to be placed on the north side of the living-room, and to be entered by a door and two or three steps. It is not unusual for the farmer's wife to show a dairy of this kind with very obvious pride in the cleanliness and perfection of the plan. But such places were put up before the dissemination of disease was studied so closely as it has been during recent years. The bacteriologist condemns it utterly. He says that contamination of many different kinds passes from the living-room to the milkpans. Further, these dairies are very often dark. Some of them require artificial light



OVER BECHER'S BROOK—SECOND TIME ROUND.

even at midday, and the modern expert hates darkness more than anything. No place is ever kept clean unless it has plenty of daylight; so that the first requirement in the dairy is that it should have windows sufficient to throw light into every corner.

#### THE COWSHEDS.

But any great reform that has to be made will deal even more with the cowsheds than with the milkroom. Those who know rural England are well aware that, during the greater part of the winter, cleanliness is not studied as it should be in regard to the byres. On approaching them, the first thing that strikes the spectator is the vast accumulation of mud and manure through which the cows very frequently have to pass when they are let out for water or exercise. The old-fashioned farmer generally explains, with a look of astonishment that the theory of the thing is not more widely known, that he keeps the cows in order that they may trample the straw into manure. Now a reform very certain to be introduced is the regulation that the manure heap must be placed at a safe distance from the cowshed. We do not think the manure will suffer much by the process. It would rot just as well in a heap. A cubic air space will be insisted upon. Many people, too, imagine that cows are comfortable in winter when the temperature of the house is raised by the heat of their bodies. We have known farm servants so much imbued with this idea that they would choose a loft above a crowded byre as a resting-place, or even as a corner in which to play cards on a cold night, because the warmth of the cows made them feel comfortable.

Ventilation without draughts is a first necessity. If the ventilation leaves the temperature low, Nature has her own way of redressing the evil by thickening the coats of the cows. It may have been noticed by those who let their cows go out in the summer and winter that the coat becomes much stronger and closer in the open-air cow than in the other. Some very interesting experiments have recently shown that even as regards the quantity of milk there is very little to be gained by confining cows within doors. Those that wintered in the open were within a very small amount of being as productive as those that were carefully cooped up. Obviously, then, air space and ventilation are two great requisites. The third essential is that means should be taken to

keep the stall clean. Pollution occurs here in a variety of ways. First, if there is no proper channel to carry off liquid manure. This arrangement is generally fairly well understood. In the next place, the bedding should be clean and plentiful, without being wasteful. Unless this is so, it is impossible to avoid germs being picked up by the cow's hairy coat. Even where these points are attended to, perfect cleanliness will not be secured without regular grooming, taking the shape of brushing the cow's udder, washing her udder, and making the attendant clean himself.

#### THE ULTIMATE TEST.

Speculation is rife as to what will be finally agreed upon as a satisfactory test of the purity of milk. It is felt by many as an injustice that milk should be considered unsatisfactory even when it can be proved to be sold as it comes from the cow. We do not know that much sympathy should be felt with this point of view. A cow that gives milk with an average of less than three per cent. of butter-fat is not a good cow. The percentage cannot be considered very high, and it is, at any rate, arguable that better cows than those should be at the disposal of the British farmer, as they generally are. It is a matter for the chemist to say on analysis what is the quality of the milk and what ingredients, if any, have been added. We are not likely to dispense with him. But a great many people have come to the opinion that the bacteriologist is of more importance. No great harm is done by anyone drinking milk with, say, only two per cent. of butter-fat in it, provided that the milk is absolutely free from the germs of disease or contamination. On the other hand, if milk with a very high percentage of butter-fat be polluted with the germs of disease, it is bad and should not be drunk. The only satisfactory way of ascertaining the cleanliness of milk is by proving, through means of analysis, what is its bacterial content, and fixing a standard below which the dairy-farmer is not allowed to sell. The work has been attempted, and in great part achieved, in America by means of the Milk Commissions. Some day the result, no doubt, will be attained in Great Britain; but our own opinion is that, at present, we are not quite educated up to this point, and for Parliament to step in and set down a policy which is far beyond what public opinion desires could only end in disaster.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

#### A VETERAN'S GOLF COURSE.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a letter advocating what he calls "A Veteran's Golf Course": "There must," he writes, "be very many, enough to fill the members' list of several clubs, who, like myself, have arrived at a time of life when the pursuit of golf has to be taken less strenuously than of yore, although there is no reason for its total abandonment. For the accommodation of this class, few, if any, of the courses at present existing are suitable. Their length, their hilliness, the press and hurry of younger folk treading on one's heels, all combine to make them undesirable for those to whom hurry, vexation and over-tiredness are decidedly harmful. A course extended to its fullest length, as is always the case nowadays, means nearer a four than a three mile walk. To compass this twice in a day is more than is good for one nearer seventy than sixty, especially if he leads a sedentary life. So he must fain do but one round, and consequently has no reason for spending a whole day, as he would like, in the pursuit of his hobby. It seems, therefore, that it is worthy of serious consideration at the hands of golf course promoters whether it would not be a paying proposition to exploit a course for the benefit of this class. A links averaging two hundred yards to a hole, or some two miles round, would be less costly in construction and upkeep. With holes varying from one hundred to three hundred yards it would flatter the ageing player who finds on his old links his score gradually lengthening out. With well-guarded greens it might be fully as interesting as a longer course. If needs be, the fairer sex, whom it would also do well for, might be introduced. A still further attraction for persons of both sexes and all ages would be a putting course on the lines of the very popular one at St. Andrews. The age of the members would ensure continuous vacancies, but to fill the gaps there would be a constant renewal from those advancing in years. For myself, I have little doubt as to the success of such a scheme, if well carried out near London, as among my own limited circle it has appealed to all that I have mentioned it to. Kindly ventilate it in your columns.—M. B. H."

#### A CRITICISM OF THE SUGGESTION.

It is a proposal with which we all must confess a great sympathy. Sympathetically it wrings the withers of many, who themselves are young and active enough to be muscularly unwrung, to watch persons of plethoric habit and middle age, or more, panting up precipitous hills and traversing immense distances of hill and vale after the ball. They would so obviously be happier on easier places, if only—but the "if" is a big one—they had the moral courage of our correspondent to confess that it was so with them. That is the crux. The institution of such a course as is here proposed would, no doubt, make for the greater happiness of a large number if only they would consent to play on it. But would they? Does knowledge of golfing human nature dispose us to believe that the average man of declining years and energies would acquiesce in this numbering of himself among the less physically fit? That is the question. There is in most men, at this time of life, a noble or a foolish pride, from whichever point of view you prefer to take it, which inclines them to resent any suggestion that they are at all less young than they used to be. I once overheard two men talking in a golf club, and one said to the other: "It must have been a dreadful thing for F. to have to go home and tell his wife that he'd been put up two in the handicap." And if that is the accepted point of view, and it is really so serious a matter to have to confess to the wife of your bosom that you are not the golfer that you used to be, how impossible

shameful would it be to have to admit to her that you had joined the "old men's club"?

#### A POSSIBLY BETTER WAY.

There is a better way than this, as it seems to me, out of what, no doubt, is a position of difficulty. It is a way that was indicated, though even then not for the first time, in a map and an account that we reproduced some weeks ago of the National Golf Links of America. It was there seen and described that at most of the holes, and virtually at all of the longer holes, they had two tee-boxes, the one a good deal in advance of the other. Now, if they had named the advanced set of tees the "old men's tees" or the "old women's tees," or anything derogatory of that kind, it is evident that there would have been the very same trouble already spoken of. Of noble self-respect no old man or other venerable person would have had anything to do with them. They were much more cunning than this. They did not give these advanced tees any names at all; but they had a name for the backward tees, calling them the "championship tees"—as it might be, the "tees for heroes." So, when a man went home to his wife, or to his club, he might tell all whom it did not interest to hear it merely that he had been playing golf—he told the whole truth so—if he had struck from the ordinary tees each time, and only if he went to the extraordinary tees would he feel himself in duty bound to make a special mention of the glorious fact, showing that, if not indeed a champion, he could at least hit off from the same mark as the best of champions.

#### THE QUESTION OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Apart from the question of "saving the face" of the weaker brethren, this mode seems the better, as better solving a financial difficulty which we might foresee if our correspondent's suggestion were adopted. For his suggested club could consist of veterans only, with perhaps a few ladies and a few feeble young persons of the sex that is delusively supposed to be sterner. It is dubious whether from these alone could be drawn enough subscription to keep things going properly. But if you let in the able-bodied and athletic also, giving them the longer tees to drive from, you would have their contributions in aid, to help you out, and they would not be likely to harass and hunt and drive into the peace-loving veterans and slow-coaches. They would be playing a longer course, over which their going might take them as long as the slow-travelling parties would take over their shorter circuit. So all might be happy. Or is this to expect too much?—H. G. H.

#### THE MAN WHO NEVER TORE UP.

One comes across very entertaining and instructive little bits of information while wandering casually through the pages of the "Who's Who" in this year's "Nisbet." There is, for instance, a really inspiring entry that I have just found under the name of Mr. William Greig, one of the most famous of the many fine players of the St. Andrews Club, of which he has been a member for thirty years. After recounting very modestly and briefly the prizes that he has won, Mr. Greig adds, "never tore up a medal card in my life." Now, in thirty years that is a very fine record and a very bright example. To call it a bright example is, in a sense, dangerous, because, if every single golfer who plays in an Easter meeting determines to emulate Mr. Greig, however many tens and twelves may be written on his card, then the blocks on all courses will be more serious than usual, and there will be much waiting and gnashing of teeth. Nevertheless, there is something very admirable in Mr. Greig's record. It teaches us two lessons: first, always to go on hoping for the string of threes that are coming to us in the last few holes, or for the string of sevens that are coming to all



our adversaries; and, secondly, not to be so self-conscious as to mind seeing our name on the club notice board with a bad score attached to it. After preaching this excellent sermon I know that I shall myself tear up a card this week—if I take one out. It is often the taking out the card, and not the tearing it up, that is the real act of folly.

#### ECCENTRICITIES OF HANDICAPPING.

Another lesson to be learnt from reading these pages is the essentially ridiculous character of the handicapping system in many open tournaments. Rather I should say lack of system, since what usually happens is that every man has to play on his lowest handicap. By this means a golfer who only belongs to big clubs where there is naturally a high standard of play scores a vast advantage over one who happens to be cock of some comparatively small walk of his own. Mr. Maxwell's lowest handicap is plus 5 at Prestwick, but poor Mr. Stuart Anderson, who is plus 8 at Mullion in Cornwall, would have to give him strokes, and so would several gentlemen of no enormous degree of fame who owe six strokes at various Scottish clubs. They would not fare very well against the champions of the St. Andrews Club, such as Mr. Greig aforesaid, since in that club there is, I believe, or at any rate used to be, a rule that no one is to be rated lower than scratch. Again, one finds extraordinary discrepancies between the handicaps of one and the same player at different clubs. It would be a little hard, for instance, on Mr. J. E. Mellor, who at Worpleston, Coombe Hill and Mid-Surrey is rated at plus 1, to have to play on his Wimereux handicap of plus 6. This plan of each man playing on his lowest handicap is, of course, only a makeshift, but it is a dreadfully bad makeshift at that.

#### THE EASIEST WAY.

It is because of this rather anomalous state of things that some people uphold the "standardising" of handicaps, a reform of which we have heard much less since the standard ball arrived to plague us. Personally, I do not think this measure desirable, and the difficulties of handicapping for an open meeting can be very largely got over if the committee will take a certain amount of trouble in going through the list of entries. I have several times been on handicapping committees for open tournaments in which the entries came from all sorts and conditions of men from all sorts of courses. We had, of course, the statements of their club handicaps to help us, but we did not stick mechanically to them, and I am sure we produced a much fairer result than by going on a cast-iron rule of the lowest handicap. This is not a boast, because the thing is really not at all difficult. As to the select few who are in the region of scratch or plus, it ought to be easy to get a line. Somebody on the committee always knows them or someone who plays with them, and when you have got the handicaps of your back-markers adjusted, you have, at any rate, got a basis to work on. As to the players with longer handicaps, they can, as a rule, be left on their ordinary club marks so long as their clubs are good ones; but when a player comes from a little-known club or one having a conspicuously short course, then he can nearly always be given a little more without any great risk of his winning with alarming ease. More especially when the tournament is played by the sea can one afford to be generous to those who come from inland. The hard-and-fast rule of the lowest handicap makes it practically impossible for a certain number of the competitors to win, and that cannot be good handicapping.

B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### HINDS IN SPRING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At this season of the year, when the stags are shedding their horns, and, with their shaggy, unkempt coats, present a rather pitiable appearance, I have noticed that the hinds differ very much in respect of the white patch on the hind-quarters. In some cases, as they bound away over the heather, the markings are so pronounced as to give the impression that the animal has two large white pom-poms affixed, one on either side of the tail, while in others they are hardly noticeable. Can it be that the hind has the power of raising the hair at will, and making the patch more apparent, or is it merely that some are more advanced than others in the spring moult? As deer are chiefly nocturnal in their habits, these white patches must be invaluable as guides for their young; but as they would be equally in evidence to an enemy in pursuit, it seems feasible to suppose that the hind can extinguish her oriflamme at will. I should be glad to have information on the point from other observers. It raises the question, too, as to how far sight rather than scent plays its part both in the tracking of quarry and in the case of a calf following its dam.—A. J. R. ROBERTS.

#### THE SMELL OF DEAD MEAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your notice last week of the lecture of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, while paying a high compliment to his powers of observation, you ignored the very sensational story of the old wolf which is referred to with great approval by some of your most intelligent weekly contemporaries, and when delivered evoked enthusiastic applause from the budding maidens who formed so large a proportion of the audience. But what nonsense it is! Lobo, the robber chief of the wolves, fell in love with Blanca, the beautiful white wolf—I am not writing a fairy-tale, but repeating Mr. Seton's story from natural life. In the exact words of a writer in the *Nation*, "Lobo, the exceedingly wise grey wolf (was) at last undone by his marriage with a foolish and disobedient mate." Blanca was indiscreet and fell a prey to the trapper. She was killed and her paws cut off and used for making tracks over the trap set for her mate. To quote again from the same source, "The trail of her scent, when Lobo was mad with grief, caught the chieftain." What a narrative, and what a commentary on it! The story involves, among many others, the assumption that the scent of a breeding female adhered to her feet after she had been some time dead. This is not Nature, but childish romance. Wolves, like almost all other carnivorous animals, wild or tame, eat their own dead with avidity, a fact of which travellers have often taken advantage when followed by them. I wonder if the writer quoted or Mr. Thompson Seton ever read the old story about the shepherd and the terrier that, by staying for three months beside its master's dead body, furnished



WHERE THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST DO DRINK.

Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott with a theme for two poems still well known. "But what did the poor dog get to eat for all that time?" asked an innocent visitor. "It eated he," replied the shepherd of the Fells. That was nearer truth than the affecting and pitiful story of Lobo and Blanca.—URSUS MAJOR.

## THE RACING GALLERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph which probably your sporting contributors would not think of. It shows a mixed and eager group watching the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool from the railway sleepers. I think you will agree that these spectators are as keen and as interested as any could be within the enclosure.—TURFITE.

## "JUMPING CHEESE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if there are many readers of COUNTRY LIFE who remember "jumping cheese"? It is so long since I saw any except in some of the higher class cheeses that I fear it may not be again seen. Cheese-lovers said that it was only in the very best cheese that "jumpers" could be found. The cheese need not be particularly old; in fact, it was said that "jumpers" appeared in six months after a cheese was made. You might go into any cheese-monger's shop, find half-a-dozen cheeses on the board, and all of them had scores of "jumpers hoppin' round." All the cheeses were mellow, moist and of ripe flavour, not strong of "emin'," but full of invitation to the cheese-lover, and every man, woman and child loved a piece of "jumper cheese." When a shop-keeper had cut into a particularly lively one he was soon cleared out of that item. Many men took the cheese "jumpers" included with their bread, and protested that as the "jumpers" were in the cheese they were "cheese." The most "likable" way, however, was to roast such cheese in a quick oven, when the "jumpers" melted down with the cheese and were quite indistinguishable. The more "butter," as it was called, taken out of the milk, the worse the cheese, which only produced that dusky, always moving mass known as "cheese mites." When American cheese began to be imported the commonest makes of English cheese became worse. It is, in fact, nowadays almost impossible to get mellow, moist cheese, such as was the case when it could be had at sixpence a pound, or fivepence, taking a whole one, when you got something tasty for your money.—W. R. T.

## TAME MAGPIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read in a newspaper lately how a jackdaw had stolen a watch from a bedroom, and that, after several years, it was found in a water-run of the building. The incident reminds me of the tricks of his cousin, the magpie, that have come under the notice of myself and others. At one time a magpie belonging to a neighbour used to pay frequent visits to my garden, where at first he found a cordial welcome, being so companionable and voluble. His favourite amusement seemed to be the picking up of clear, coloured or loose articles, such as pieces of string. These he hid away in the most convenient crevices he could find in the garden furniture or elsewhere. Articles that he prized would be removed from one place to another, as fancy dictated, or perhaps for greater security. Like others of his tribe, he showed a preference for bright or shining articles. On his excursions one day he stole through an open window into one of our bedrooms, where he found himself in his element, or, at least, where he made himself at home. In a box of matches he found a new plaything. This was pounced upon and its contents scattered all over the floor. A two-shilling piece that came in his way elsewhere was carried off and deposited in a neighbour's garden. His feathered companions about this time were pigeons



WATCHING THE GRAND NATIONAL—ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

belonging to some boys. These he bullied and annoyed so much that, in order to prevent reprisals, he was deprived of his wonted liberty and condemned to undergo a period of solitary confinement. Another magpie, belonging to a naturalist in the town, had the same habit of secreting things; but, unlike the bird referred to, he had an element of generosity in his mental equipment. When in confinement he occupied himself in stuffing his surplus food into the crannies of his dwelling. When at freedom he carried these morsels to a skating-pond near by and handed them over to a colony of black-headed gulls that congregated there in open weather. His owner was greatly amused and delighted to find his favourite acting the part of benefactor to the hungry gulls. That these tit-bits were keenly relished by the latter was evidenced by their eager attentions to the magpie every time this bird made his appearance with his welcome benefactions.—CHARLES REID.

## SUBSTITUTES FOR LEAD-ROOFING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give their practical experience as to cheaper substitutes for lead in covering flat roofs. Zinc is very largely used in France, and various compounds of asbestos, as advertised in England. The roof in question is in the country and close to the sea coast.—ATHELSTAN RILEY.

[Zinc cannot be recommended. Asphalte will probably serve the purpose best, and is cheaper than lead. Many of the patented materials containing asbestos wear well.—ED.]

## THE "PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR" AT BOGNOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Several specimens of the jelly-fish, *Physalia pelagica* (Portuguese man-of-war), have been picked up on the beach at Bognor during the last week. It is a delicate organism, like an inflated air-bladder; colour blue, purple and green; iridescent. There is a ridge, or crest, at one side of the bladder, which expands, and acts as a sail; length, about two and a-half inches. These creatures are said to come from the Sargasso Sea, a weed-infested tract about one thousand miles out in the Atlantic, being borne along to these shores by the Gulf Stream, and it is wonderful how such delicate forms can survive the long, rough journey. The *Physalia* is not uncommon on the Cornish and Devon Coasts and in the Isle of Wight during the summer months; but it is rarely found so early in the year.—D. C.

## AN OSTRICH AT ITS NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you accept the enclosed to put into COUNTRY LIFE? It is a photograph I took of an ostrich nest I visited last summer on my brother's farm at Cheshunt, Bayville, near Port Elizabeth, South Africa. It was difficult to take, and I thought it might be interesting to you. I think you inserted a photograph of my brother's dog some little time back, sent you by the Rev. C. E. Mayo of Port Elizabeth, which was very good of the dog beating up the birds.—AGNES M. MAYO.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your rather amusing as well as instructive "Country Note" suggesting that it is not such a great treat to the pit ponies to come up into the sunshine as might be imagined is borne out by the case of a very aged old blind mare which all her life had been working round and round on a pug mill for mixing



AN OSTRICH AND ITS FAMILY.



brick clay. The owner, a very humane man, determined that he would give this faithful old animal a holiday and a little enjoyment before she died. He therefore had her taken off the mill and turned out to grass in an adjoining meadow as her well-earned pension. Being perfectly blind, she had to rely upon her other senses for her happiness, and for a year or two she could be seen every day after feeding going round and round in the meadow and always in the same old direction. It is a question if many men who retire from their

business or their old habits would not be happier in their old haunts, and I have no doubt the pit ponies will be.—J. BLOMFIELD.

#### A RELIC OF OLD KILMALIEU CHURCHYARD

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The photograph shows part of a rood or crucifix, a relic of old Kilmalieu Churchyard. During the Cromwellian days this cross was, no doubt, destroyed. It is of a well-known type; these were called Sanctuary crosses. It has long lain neglected or has often disappeared for years, having been used to prop up some other tomb. It now marks the site of the tomb of the famous prophet of Kilmalieu, who had



OLD KILMALIEU CHURCHYARD.

second sight, and of whom many tales are told. His descendants are yet here, and a very strong and flourishing people they are, too.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Inveraray, Argyll.

#### BIRD ATTACKING MAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, James Muir, in COUNTRY LIFE of March 23rd, I would like to state that I also had a similar experience. One afternoon, a few years ago, I was crossing a moor in Argyllshire, when I was startled by a grouse flying suddenly at my head. So furious was the attack that I had to use my tweed hat to beat it off. Meantime the brood had scattered in all directions, and when they had safely taken cover the parent bird made off.—J. L. F.

#### THE FLOWERS OF THE SALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to your interesting remarks attached to my note on abnormal willow, in your issue of March 23rd, may I say that some catkins which matured later on the same plant show characters resembling both the willows you mention? I enclose a small specimen, which I hope will arrive in sufficiently good condition for you to see that the lower catkin has all the male florets massed at the apex, while the other two have them intermixed with the female florets. Should not the specific name of the second willow mentioned be *sesquitertia*?—ALFRED W. DENNIS.

[The willow catkins are exceedingly interesting, showing such a remarkable variation in form on the one bush. It is quite probable that the plant in question is of hybrid origin; the bark, at any rate, does not agree with that of *Salix caprea*, although the hairy bracts of the catkins bear a close resemblance to those of the willow or *Salix caprea*. We should be pleased to see leaves at a later date. *S. sesquitertia* is the correct spelling of the name, as our correspondent gives it. This spelling was sent in the first place, but a printer's error may have occurred.—Ed.]

#### A TWIN OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers who may have been accustomed to grow oak trees from acorns suspended over water in a glass bottle have ever observed a similar phenomenon to that described here. The autumn of 1911 was remarkable for the abundance of fruit on the oak trees, and many of the acorns were of unusually large size. One of these, which measured upwards of an inch in diameter, was placed in the neck of a wide-mouthed bottle over water and kept in a warm room. In a few weeks the young root (the radicle) began to protrude from the pointed end of the acorn, quite in the usual manner, and after some ten days or so, when the root had grown to the length of an inch, another radicle emerged from the same opening, and the two continued to grow until, in about a month, they had each attained a length of about six or seven inches. Then the shell of the acorn, which had become dry and horny (not being soaked with moisture, as it would have been in a state of Nature), began to split, and shortly afterwards the young stem (the plumule) began to push its

way out of the crack. The remainder of the shell was carefully peeled off to facilitate the emergence of the delicate plumule, and then it was found that the fleshy substance of the acorn seed consisted of four (instead of the usual two) cotyledons, or seed lobes, and careful examination showed a second plumule on the point of emergence from between two of the lobes. The growth of the two stems was slow, and the photograph represents the twin plants—one-half natural size—about the middle of March, when they were perfectly distinct from each other, except that the roots were slightly united at their bases by a few slender hair-like fibres. The explanation of this unusual phenomenon will be found, I believe, in the fact that each of the ovaries in the female flowers of the oak contains two ovules (unfertilised seeds), but under ordinary circumstances only one comes to maturity. If a second should become fertilised, the pressure caused by the growth of two embryos leads to the death of one of them. But in this example it would appear that, from some unusual cause, possibly connected with the exceptionally dry summer, both ovules have been able to develop completely, though the vitality of the two seeds within the one acorn has not been equal in degree, as shown by the later germination of one of them.—JOHN W. ELLIS.



TWIN OAKS.

#### GARLANDS IN CHURCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of April 2nd, 1910, a correspondent refers to the garlands in Robin Hood's Bay Church, at the same time regretting he has not a good photograph of same. The enclosed print clearly shows this ancient custom, and the following notes, for which I must thank our Vicar, the Rev. R. Jermyn Cooper, also Mr. J. Rickinson, may prove of interest. The former, referring to an extract from a letter written by Archdeacon Churton in about 1868 or 1869, quotes as follows: "Much interested with my visit, it struck me when I left that I had met with that curious custom of adorning the hearse with ribands. I have since found it in a ballad, probably of



FUNERAL GARLANDS.

Q. Elizabeth's in Bishop Percy's Reliques, it is called 'Corydon's Doleful Knell'";

Her corpse shall be attended  
By maides in fair array  
Till the obsequies are ended  
And she is wrapt in clay.  
Her herse it shall be carried  
By youths that do excel  
And when that she is buried  
I thus will ring her knell.  
A garland shall be framed  
By Art and Nature's skill  
Of sundry colored flowers  
In token of goodwill.  
And sundry colored ribbands  
On it I will bestow,  
But chiefly black and yellow  
With her to grave shall go.

With reference to local tradition, one of our oldest and most reliable residents remembers garlands in 1838, 1859 and 1869, the latter clearly shown in the photograph, *i.e.*, a white glove, which seems to be made of paper, and the most perfect of the group, of which there are eight. Since this date the custom does not seem to have been kept in this parish.—H. P. HOPKINS.

#### SKELTON'S "ALE WIFE" AND THE OLDE RUNNING HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At Leatherhead, Surrey, stands Ye Olde Running Horse Inn. The board nearest the lamp bears the following inscription: "This house it is conjuctured Skilton Poet Laureate to Henry VII Celebrated the famous Ale Wife, by a poem entitled 'The Tunnyn of Elynor Rummyn.'" There is a



"YE OLDE RUNNING HORSE."

painting of this dame with an inscription as follows, "When Skilton wore the Laurel Crown my Ale put all the Ale Wives down." In the frame over the lamp is a portrait of this dame, which bears this inscription, "Elynor Rummyn dwelled here 1520."—H. H. BROOK.

#### A GOLD-FISH'S DEATH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As an old subscriber and constant reader of COUNTRY LIFE, I venture to submit to your expert notice a gold-fish which I have just found dead, thinking you may be able to suggest a cause for its death. I should explain that I have kept a number of these fish in a cemented tank in the garden for at least four years; they have always seemed to be healthy and strong and have grown considerably. Last summer they commenced breeding, so that the conditions of their living and surroundings were both favourable. The youngsters appeared to be thriving and doing well until the late sharp snap of frost came, since which time they have been gradually dying off, and we have lost at least fifty. Is it likely that they have been attacked by water



ARTICHOKES IN FLOWER.



A FIGHTING SHEEP.

beetles? I send also a sample of the infant fish. With apologies for the liberty I take in seeking your advice,—H. BROWN.

[Professor Boulenger, to whom we submitted the fish, writes as follows: "I cannot account for the death of the gold-fish. The sample sent showed no sign of disease externally or on the gills, but the inside was too far decomposed for an examination."—Ed.]

#### FIGHTING SHEEP OF SENEGAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Along the Senegal, and no doubt further up into Mauretania, a common sight is the magnificent horned sheep which is used by the Moors exclusively for fighting. These sheep stand much higher than any of our sheep at the withers, but tail off considerably in the hindquarters. The method of fighting is to hold the rival sheep facing each other, about ten yards apart. When released they go straight for one another and meet with a crash, forehead to forehead. I have never seen them make use of their horns. One, as a rule, turns tail and runs, pursued by the other, but on being brought back is equal to another attempt. Like the domestic piebald rat, the colour is always on the neck and shoulders, and varies from black to pale grey and fawn, the lighter colours being more common.—F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

#### JAPANESE DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have taken COUNTRY LIFE from its early days, and look forward week by week to its coming. I send you a snap-shot (taken by a friend) of my Japanese deer. I find them more hardy than fallow deer, and the venison is as good as the stag's, putting on plenty of fat both inside and out. There is nothing more suitable for a small park, and



"JAPS."

they are a source of great pleasure to me. The Japs are in my small park here.—J. WHITAKER, Rainworth, Notts.

#### A DOG'S DISLIKE TO NOISES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the above, my brother had a Scotch terrier who, if anyone sneezed, would immediately jump up and come to one of us and whine, and if the sneeze was repeated, would run away upstairs, and in the bedroom where he slept in a box would put his paws on the bed and whine. This dog was lost last year.—R. F. FORESTIER-WALKER.

#### FLOWERING ARTICHOKE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The letters in your paper re Jerusalem artichokes flowering interested me, inasmuch as the same phenomenon—if it is one—has occurred in my garden this year. I herewith enclose a photograph of beds of artichokes which, though rather stunted in growth, are a mass of bright yellow flowers. We have had a record drought and heat this summer, which may probably account for the plants' vagaries.—E. A. JOHNSTON, Katdoornpan, Petrusburg, O.F.S.